

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1101 SEPTEMBER 1957

The Session	JOSEPH GRIMOND, M.P.
Trade Associations and Restrictive Practices	LORD MESTON
A Commonwealth Office	SIR HILARY BLOOD, K.C.M.G.
Parliamentary Reminiscences, 1940-1955. II	SIR DOUGLAS SAVORY
Tunisian Problems	DR. BRIAN FOSTER
The Second Empire. VIII. Princess Mathilde	G. P. GOOCH, D.LITT., F.B.A.
Dylan Thomas and Edward Thomas	JOAN HARDING
The Korean Problem	BERNARD LLEWELLYN
British Sheepdogs	SYDNEY MOORHOUSE
The Island Republics of the Caribbean	PETER SEDGWICK
Cave Paintings in South Africa	PETER HOLZ
Cornish Justice	DENYS VAL BAKER
Our Debt to the Hills	ANTHONY DELL
Science and Common Sense	J. C. GREGORY
Split in Dalmatia	ROBERT BLACKBURN
Canadian Summer— <i>A Poem</i>	MARY BISHOP
Literary Supplement—Contributors: Dr. G. P. Gooch, Julian Piggott, B. Evan Owen, Dr. Vera J. Daniel, Grace Banyard.	

Price 3/6d. 45/- per annum. U.S.A. \$9.50

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.
83, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

The Right Honourable the EARL OF WOOLTON, C.H.



appeals for

CANCER RESEARCH

The Right Honourable the Earl of Woolton writes: "In research lies the only hope of a cure for cancer—research conducted with infinite and laborious patience with the use of ever-expanding scientific knowledge and the latest laboratory equipment. In pursuit of the greatest gift science might give to humanity, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is extending its work at Mill Hill to still more up-to-date laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields. I trust the public will give it the support it so richly deserves."

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron: Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

The Fund itself carries out Cancer Research in its own laboratories without State aid. New lines of research are starting: new equipment and extra staff are wanted. Please send a gift to the treasurer, A. Dickson Wright, Esq., F.R.C.S., Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

The Liberal News speaks out for Liberalism

There is nowhere else you can be sure of finding week by week a comprehensive record of the activity of the reviving Liberal Party and a broad platform for all that is most significant in developing Liberal opinion.

Topical

Vigorous

Informative

THE ONLY ORGAN IN THE PRESS
CONTROLLED BY THE PARTY

Every Friday

Fourpence

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

CONTRIBUTIONS will be considered for publication and should be addressed to the Editor, *Contemporary Review*, 46 Chancery Lane, W.C.2, England.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are charged at the rate of 45s. per annum post free, or \$9.50 in the U.S. and Canada. A single copy costs 3s. 6d. (3s. 9d. including postage) \$1.00 in the U.S. and Canada. Orders may be placed with newsagents, booksellers or subscription agents, or may be sent direct with the appropriate remittance to the Circulation Manager, *Contemporary Review*, 46 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, England.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Suitable advertisers' announcements are accepted for publication. Orders and advertisement copy should be received by the 15th of the month preceding the date of publication and should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, *Contemporary Review*, 46 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, England (Telephone Holborn 6201).

LIST OF CONTENTS SEPTEMBER 1957

The Session	JOSEPH GRIMOND, M.P.	130
Trade Associations and Restrictive Practices	LORD MESTON	132
A Commonwealth Office	SIR HILARY BLOOD, K.C.M.G.	135
Parliamentary Reminiscences, 1940-1955. II	SIR DOUGLAS SAVORY	137
Tunisian Problems	DR. BRIAN FOSTER	140
The Second Empire. VIII. Princes Mathilde	G. P. GOOCH, D.LITT., F.B.A.	144
Dylan Thomas and Edward Thomas	JOAN HARDING	150
The Korean Problem	BERNARD LLEWELLYN	154
British Sheepdogs	SYDNEY MOORHOUSE	157
The Island Republics of the Caribbean	PETER SEDGWICK	160
Cave Paintings in South Africa	PETER HOLZ	162
Cornish Justice	DENYS VAL BAKER	165
Our Debt to the Hills	ANTHONY DELL	168
Science and Common Sense	J. C. GREGORY	171
Split in Dalmatia	ROBERT BLACKBURN	174
Canadian Summer— <i>A Poem</i>	MARY BISHOP	176

Literary Supplement—Contributors: Dr. G. P. Gooch, Julian Piggott, B. Evan Owen, Dr. Vera J. Daniel, Grace Banyard.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE · LONDON W.C.2

THE SESSION

1956-57 was the year of Suez and Sir Anthony Eden's dramatic fall. Yet when we look back from our usual preoccupation with hydrogen bombs, inflation and East-West letters, the crisis of the year seems to have left rather a small dent on politics. I believe, however, that this is a superficial impression. It comes from gaping too much at the débâcle itself, and not searching enough behind it among its causes and effects, Suez exposed the deception of many Tory politicians. All those protestations of devotion to the United Nations and to the peaceful settlement of international disputes disappeared like dust when the wind rose. Suez taunted the electorate with the wretched return they have got for their vast outlay on arms. It will be difficult to convince them again that politicians have any clue to guide them in the labyrinth of Defence. Suez showed up an exasperated House of Commons, unable to extract truth from Ministers or rally a bewildered people. Suez cut through the fog of easy speeches about the Commonwealth.

The causes and effects of Suez have left an internal wound, all the more damaging to the body politic because Mr. Macmillan has set out to drug it rather than conduct the necessary operation. He formed a government which stretches from the Suez rebels to the anti-Suez rebels. What can such a team do except put back the same old difficulties on the same old shelves? The Prime Minister has attempted to cover up his retreats and evasions by speeches so wide of events as to be notably cynical even by modern standards. He has been praised for his "cleverness" in the House of Commons, but when "cleverness" is recognized it ceases to be clever. "Ars est celare artem"—once you have the reputation of being an actor it is difficult to be effective in real life. And we still lack that "slap of firm government"—over inflation and industrial relations for instance—for which Mr. McLachlan and the *Daily Telegraph* yearned in Eden's day. Mr. Macmillan from whom I, among many others, hoped so much has proved a disappointment. He certainly has many virtues as a Prime Minister: he is able, unassuming, and he enjoys the job. But his faults seem to have been exacerbated by the circumstances of his elevation. For he is also tortuous, suspicious of plots and therefore of debate. He seems obsessed by the '30s, the horrors of nation-wide unemployment and the danger of appeasement. All informed gossip says that he began by egging on Sir Anthony and then rapidly back-pedalled when informed of the economic disasters which impended. Luckily for him he was out of the limelight. So Mr. Butler was made the scapegoat and Mr. Macmillan confirmed in a natural tendency to enlighten issues as little as possible.

Mr. Butler has suffered from misrepresentation and bad luck. On the strength of some remarks distorted and taken out of context ("The best Prime Minister we have got" and "He knows all about economics but I know all about politics") he has been represented as a Machiavellian schemer thirsty with ambition. But while he has always been a negotiator, unlike the Prime Minister whose mind takes evasive action all too easily along its familiar channels, Mr. Butler has a curious response to argument and even thinks and argues on his feet. He is also a confirmed holder of babies, appeasement, telephone tapping and above all Suez.

In different circumstances, before Mr. Butler had suffered so many disasters or Mr. Macmillan saw the possibility of a General Election overtaking a divided party, their combination might have been effective. But it

is not. High sounding speeches cannot conceal the lack of direction in foreign affairs. A committee of three elderly gentlemen patently will not cure inflation. Even Mr. Sandys' Defence Policy is running into trouble. And in minor ways "gimmicks" like Lord Mills are failing to impress. Most serious of all from the purely party point of view of Conservatives is the disillusionment of many potential young Tories.

On the Opposition side of the House the most important development has been the new Labour policy for industry. Never has a programme been devised so obviously with an eye to party necessities and a cold shoulder to reality. For it bears no relation to the problems of today's industrial world, but is dictated by the need to abandon all the moral—and indeed most of the economic—arguments for Socialism while showing how a Labour Government can lay its hands on money and power. However that is hardly yet a Parliamentary matter. In the House of Commons Mr. Gaitskell has been faced with a difficult situation over the hydrogen bomb. His mind is too clear to allow him to conceal his dilemma. The trouble with him is that his very clarity illumines the divisions in his party. It also infuriates the Tories. It is exasperating for them to have to listen to his limpid expositions of their failures. Worse still, he is a "traitor to his class," and he has much better Parliamentary manners than many in the Gentlemen's Party. So they turn with relief to the cloudy invective of Mr. Bevan. Indeed Mr. Bevan has now the fascination for the Government benches which bold bad men have for maidens in search of a hero. He has, too, a wider range of tunes than his leader and has played them with skill. For instance he made a good speech on disarmament. For a moment or two it seemed that Mr. Sandys was going to debate his points, but before the end of his reply he had slipped away into a game of skittles with ninepins of his own making. I am afraid this is the modern technique. Yet if Parliament is to maintain its prestige it must debate the main points and not run away from them.

Apart from Mr. Sandys, who is now entering a period of trial after his success with the White Paper on Defence, what about other ministers? Mr. Lennox-Boyd has a fine megaphone technique at the Despatch Box, and everyone acknowledges his sincerity and indeed his successes over Africa. But Cyprus is not a success. Mr. Thorneycroft, on whom I laid some money last year, has not run so well as Chancellor as he did when President of the Board of Trade. Messrs Macleod and Maudling acquiesced in Suez, and the former has offered no solution to industrial malaise. Nevertheless they are competent ministers and, though still in the second rank, less expendable in any Tory administration than several of their seniors. And so we come to Mr. Heathcote Amory, whom I picked last year as the Baldwin of the '60s. I see no reason to reverse my opinion. In fact Mr. Baldwin, for all his shrewdness, might not have survived so easily the ordeal by Agriculture (and Fisheries and Food).

In the year Parliament has produced 55 new Acts, Suez and a few nuclear explosions. On the whole a dismal record out of which will stand the Rent Act, not because it is a particularly good Act, but because it is an effort to tackle a major problem.

It has also made an impact on the public. What is so depressing about the grinding of the public treadmill is the small notice taken of its output. For the public politics are personalities—and usually the wrong ones. How many people could tell you anything about Mr. Paget, Sir Alec Spearman,

Mr. Montgomery Hyde or Mr. Houghton? Yet these backbenchers have been of far greater Parliamentary use than their flashier colleagues. Budgets, Acts and shoals of orders flow over the country like rain and sun. They come from "the government" and "we" neither understand them nor feel any responsibility for them. Apart from supplying some tit-bits for the sensational press the House of Commons is notorious in the eyes of the public for its failure to do many things, some of them not its business by any stretch of Socialist imagination. The time has come to take stock of its purpose today. It is now a legislature which cannot legislate, as was proved by the Duke of Norfolk's Bill. It has long ceased to be a watch-dog on public expenditure since it is always demanding more. It does not now extract truthful information from ministers; we should have known just as much about Oman and perhaps more about Suez if it had not been sitting when these adventures started. I could make out a good case for a reformed House of Commons, but no one could support the traditional view of its functions just at present.

I could wish that we had passed much less legislation, but had faced the basic political problems. For at bottom even our so-called economic problems are the old ones of democracy. We have not come nearer to achieving the predominance of the general interest over sectional pressures. We have not exorcised the perpetual demand of the people at large for more doles from their government. Our colonial techniques are still in essentials those inherited from the nineteenth century. Local and central government still demand more radical reforms than any adumbrated. We can only take what comfort is allowed by contemplating the rest of the world struggling with the same hydras. Meanwhile, the Western or free half of the planet is holding on grimly in the face of Communism and a Russian tyranny just as aggressive as ever though in different ways. Yet the mechanism of democratic politics is such that so long as prosperity and entertainment continue there will be no pressure towards reform, and little exertion on international affairs. The longest cloud on the Parliamentary horizon is an outbreak of even more damaging strikes. That could be very dangerous indeed, for neither Conservatives nor Labour show any desire to tackle the causes of friction, while both are all too ready with the Danegeld of wage increases unrelated to production.

So we await 1957/58, with the paralysis of a General Election coming nearer and big jobs still to be done. The Government no doubt mean to run their full time: Labour will put what gloss of reality they can on their new programme, and Liberals will ensure that everyone who is interested in a more realistic line of progress hears about it. In the meantime, Parliament will continue to act as a forum or cockpit. I wonder if it will be reformed. I wonder if members and ministers will ever revolt against the mass of unnecessary and unpolitical business (and so-called pleasure) under which they are at present such willing victims. I fear not. But I live in hope.

JOSEPH GRIMOND

TRADE ASSOCIATIONS AND RESTRICTIVE PRACTICES

TRADE Associations play a large part in industry and they are specially mentioned in the Restrictive Trade Practices Act, 1956. For the purposes of the provisions of the 1956 Act relating to the registration of agree-

ments, a "Trade Association" is defined to mean "a body of persons (whether incorporated or not) which is formed for the purpose of furthering the trade interests of its members, or of persons represented by its members." It will be observed that this definition is very flexible. There is no necessity for a Trade Association to be incorporated as a limited company, and its activities cover the whole area of furthering the trade interests of its members.

Before dealing with the activities of Trade Associations which are noted in the Restrictive Trade Practices Act, 1956, it is first necessary to detail the Agreements which are registrable under that Act. There is registrable any agreement between two or more persons carrying on business in the United Kingdom in the production or supply of goods or in the application to goods of any process or manufacture, under which restrictions are accepted by two or more parties in respect of the following matters—

(a) the prices to be charged, quoted or paid for goods supplied, offered or acquired, or for the application of any process of manufacture to goods;

(b) the terms or conditions on or subject to which goods are to be supplied or acquired or any such process is to be applied to goods;

(c) the quantities or descriptions of goods to be produced, supplied or acquired;

(d) the process of manufacture to be applied to any goods, or the quantities or descriptions of goods to which any such process is to be applied; or

(e) the persons or classes of persons to, for or from whom, or the areas or places in or from which, goods are to be supplied or acquired, or any such process applied.

In the above connection the word "agreement" includes any agreement or arrangement, whether or not it is intended to be enforceable (apart from the provisions of the 1956 Act) by legal proceedings. Furthermore, an agreement need not be in writing. It will be appreciated that an agreement imports the idea of some form of enforceability, whereas those matters which are not legally enforceable are arrangements. However, the 1956 Act applies to both agreements and arrangements. Where a *specific* recommendation is made by, or on behalf of, a trade association to its members as to the action to be taken or not taken, by them in relation to any particular class of goods or process of manufacture in respect of any of the matters described in paragraphs (a) to (e) *supra*, then such specific recommendation comes within the Restrictive Trade Practices Act, 1956, and must be registered under that Statute.

The word "specific" is important. It indicates that general exhortations by associations of industrialists to their members, for example, "to keep prices stable," will not come within the provisions of the 1956 Act. But recommendations—whether express or implied—directed to the actual prices or conditions of sale, for instance, of particular classes of goods, are covered by this 1956 Act. It is quite common for action between traders to be concerted by the observance of recommendations rather than by compliance with some formal contract. In the above connection it is immaterial whether "recommending" prices of goods has the precise effect of "fixing" prices of goods or otherwise. That is not the test of the matter. The mere fact that a "recommendation"—express or implied—is made in relation to the prices of goods is sufficient to bring that recommendation within the 1956 Act

and hence registrable under the Statute.

Furthermore, where a specific recommendation of the type we have been discussing is made by a Trade Association to its members, the agreement for the constitution of the Trade Association is to be treated as if it contains an implied term under which each of the members to whom the recommendation is made agrees to comply with the recommendation and any subsequent recommendations in the same field. Accordingly where such recommendations are made, the parties to the agreement for the constitution of the Association are all the members of the Association whether or not the recommendations are made to all of them. The documents to be sent to the Registrar of Restrictive Trade Practices should include lists of the members, copies of the recommendations and of the agreement for the constitution of the Association. Ordinary printed copies of the constitution will not contain the *term implied* by the 1956 Act, and copies of a memorandum setting that out will therefore also have to be sent to the Registrar. Where the recommendations are made only to a class of members the *implied term* applies solely to them and a list of their names should be incorporated in the memorandum to define the extent of the implied term.

Leaving now the subject of specific recommendations we may pass on to deal with certain other matters which intimately concern Trade Associations. It will have been observed that agreements are registrable if two or more parties are in the United Kingdom. It sometimes happens that the restrictions may be entered into not by the parties who are in the United Kingdom, but by parties who are outside the United Kingdom. It may be that parties overseas agree in some way to restrict their imports into the United Kingdom. In such a case if, in the agreement as a whole to which two or more United Kingdom people are parties, there are restrictive arrangements relating to imports, the agreement is registrable. In other words, if two or more firms have come to a mutual arrangement in the United Kingdom and strike a bargain overseas, they are within the scope of the 1956 Act, and the terms of that bargain are registrable. Where there is a Trade Association in the United Kingdom it is treated in the same way as two parties in the United Kingdom. Therefore if a Trade Association in the United Kingdom comes to an agreement with parties overseas—which is the normal Cartel system—that is registrable under the 1956 Act.

In order that an agreement should be registrable under the 1956 Act it must refer to "goods," which are defined to include "ships and aircraft, minerals, substances and animals (including fish)." Therefore, if a Trade Association notified the names of price-cutters to *individual* manufacturers so that they can institute legal proceedings accordingly, and the Trade Association also gives legal and financial assistance in the bringing of such proceedings, is that registrable? The answer is "No," because agreements that in effect relate to the giving of information—e.g. about price-cutting—do not concern "goods." To put in in another way—although it involves writing bad English—the giving of information (and also legal and financial assistance) are not goods. So far as resale price maintenance is concerned, the *collective enforcement* of conditions as to the resale price of goods is rendered unlawful by the 1956 Act. It is unlawful for either a trader by himself or a Trade Association to recommend the withholding of supplies, no matter to whom the recommendation is made, as a means of enforcing a condition as to the resale price of goods. That is to say, if a Trade

Association elects, or is used, to come forward and by its recommendation to seek collectively to enforce resale price maintenance over the area which it normally covers or over any other area, that is illegal under the 1956 Act.

Agreements relating exclusively to *Exports* are excluded from registration under the 1956 Act. Such agreements, however, must be notified to the Board of Trade and will be subject to reference to the Monopolies Commission. Sometimes there is an export agreement which is inextricably linked with internal restrictive agreements, and in such a case it will be registrable with the Registrar of Restrictive Trade Practices under the ordinary provisions of the Act. On the other hand, there may be an agreement which relates partly to exports and partly to internal restrictions. In such a case, if the export part is quite separate it may be severed from the other internal restrictions, and then the export part is notified to the Board of Trade and the other part is registered under the ordinary provisions of the Act. The procedure for dealing with recommendations by Trade Associations relating exclusively to exports is similar to the procedure already laid down in the Act for agreements relating to these matters. Thus, both agreements and recommendations, if they relate exclusively to exports, are not registrable in the ordinary way but must be notified to the Board of Trade.

MESTON

A COMMONWEALTH OFFICE

A RECENT parliamentary question, and the account of matters discussed by Sir Roy Welensky during his visit to London, have indicated that some degree of interest is felt, both in this country and overseas, in the two government offices where ultimately rests responsibility for relationships between the United Kingdom and Commonwealth countries, whether sovereign or dependent. The Colonial Office, formerly of Downing Street, now straddled awkwardly across Great Smith Street, is a comparatively familiar organization: most people have at least a working idea of its activities. The Commonwealth Relations Office is a recent, somewhat esoteric, institution, housed in the old Colonial Office building; its functions *vis-à-vis* the member states of the Commonwealth are conceived as being somewhat similar to those of the Foreign Office *vis-à-vis* foreign countries. At one time a sharp division between the work of the two offices was possible: but this is no longer the case. The rapid progress of political development in the larger dependent territories and the creation of new constitutional forms result in the invasion, so to speak, of the territory of each office by the other. The time is fast approaching, if it has not indeed already arrived, at which fusion of the two departments is necessary—not, as was suggested in the parliamentary question, because the remaining functions of the Colonial Office might be “amalgamated with those of the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations” as a measure of recognition “of progress towards self-government,” but for other much more cogent reasons which this article seeks to set out.

It is well in the first instance to see the development of the two Government Departments in their historical setting. In 1854 the association, more than half a century old, of the Colonies and War under one Secretary of State was dissolved, and for the next seventy years the Secretary of State

for the Colonies had in his keeping all matters relating to all Empire and mandated territories, save India, Egypt and the Sudan, at whatever stage of constitutional development they might happen to be. The internal organization of the Colonial Office on a geographical basis automatically distinguished between Dominions and other territories, and thus the way was paved for the creation in 1925 of the Office of Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs. This office was combined with that of Secretary of State for the Colonies until 1930. Since then the two departments have been separate and distinct, each under its own Secretary of State, and eventually housed in different buildings. In 1947 the title of the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs was changed to Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations.

Territorially the jurisdiction of the two departments is as follows. The Commonwealth Relations Office deals with Member States of the Commonwealth, i.e. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Ceylon, Pakistan and Ghana: with the Central African Federation *qua* Federation: with the self-governing Colony of Southern Rhodesia: with the High Commission Territories in South Africa, Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland: and with the relationships of the United Kingdom with Southern Ireland and with the Maldiv Islands. The Colonial Office deals with all the remaining parts of the Commonwealth, Colonies, Protectorates and Protected States, including two of the three territories which go to make up the Central African Federation—Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. It deals with Trust territories and will, it is understood, continue to deal with the Caribbean territories after Federation next year, and with the proposed self-governing "State" of Singapore.

The arbitrary nature of the division of work and the illogicality of much of these arrangements are clear. They are most marked, perhaps, in the case of the Central African Federation. But arguments based on logic are not necessarily, to the English, cogent. What has to be considered is whether the set-up is, or is not, the most practical way of conducting such business as Her Majesty's Government has with those various countries, and what is the effect of the set-up on the countries themselves.

It is obvious that a government department geared to the largely diplomatic work involved in the United Kingdom relationships with, say, Canada or Southern Ireland, is pursuing very different aims from those of a department concerned with the economic and social development of, say, the Gambia. The two tasks are utterly dissimilar, calling for sharply contrasting methods of approach, requiring staff and specialized technical advisers with fundamentally different training, and calling for resources in the way of men, money and materials for one office without counterpart in the other. But the Commonwealth Relations Office must try to do for the High Commission territories just what the Colonial Office must try to do for the Gambia, and the relationships of the Colonial Office with Bermuda, the Bahamas and Barbados are comparable, *minima comparare magnis* with those of the Commonwealth Relations Office and New Zealand. As regards resources the loss, on achieving sovereign status, of funds provided under the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts, and of funds and *expertise* provided by the Colonial Development Corporation, has been the subject of considerable comment in Parliament in connection with the inauguration of Ghana. Of the two Federations, neither as yet sovereign states, is one

to look for guidance to Downing Street and the other to Great Smith Street? Are a self-governing Colony, Northern Rhodesia, and a self-governing "State," Singapore, so different that one is a Commonwealth Relations and the other a Colonial Office responsibility? These arrangements are not just illogical, they are chaotic and inefficient.

There remains the question of the effect of this set-up on the countries concerned. It is the Colonial Office territories which are most affected. Because the Commonwealth Relations Office is concerned with Sovereign States it tends to be regarded by those Colonial territories which are zealously pursuing the road to self-government as the senior office, the grown-ups Club, the headquarters of the First Eleven. It is promotion, or the outward sign of promotion, to be connected with the Commonwealth through that office, and a mark, or stigma, of political and constitutional immaturity to be "under" the Colonial Office. Little dependencies, like little people, are touchy. Adolescence, colonial or human, is on the look-out for frustration, and has no difficulty in finding it. It is difficult to bring home to people in this country the urgency of the need to create in the minds of the political leaders in the smaller territories the feeling that they are integrated and integral parts of the Commonwealth, that they are needed by the Commonwealth, that they have functions to perform for the Commonwealth that they alone can perform. Surely a great step in this direction would be the creation of a Commonwealth Office which would, in its various divisions, deal with all commonwealth affairs from the diplomatic to the developmental. The split which gave rise to the two departments in 1925 was natural and useful. It has served the purpose well: but its usefulness is now over. Efficiency requires a merging of the two departments and the development of the modern conception of Commonwealth calls for a visible unity in the handling of Commonwealth affairs which alone a Commonwealth Office can give.

HILARY BLOOD

PARLIAMENTARY REMINISCENCES, 1940-1955

II

WHEN making my Maiden Speech in May, 1941, it was impossible for me to know what the capture of German war documents has since revealed to us, namely that in March, 1936, Hitler was bluffing. He had been strongly advised by his generals not to risk an advance into the neutral zone, as they maintained that the French army was overwhelmingly strong and could easily have compelled him to withdraw, especially if the British forces had also been mobilized in accordance with the terms not only of the Treaty of Versailles but of the Agreement signed at Locarno. Nevertheless I pointed out in my speech what had been the consequences of this neglect to take the vital action. Belgium felt that as the invasion of the demilitarized zone had been allowed, there was no longer any protection for her, and consequently in October of that year the King of the Belgians demanded that his country should revert to a system of neutrality such as had existed before the Great War. In other words, while we were to give a unilateral guarantee to go to the rescue of Belgium, that country was no longer bound to co-operate with us in any way. There was therefore up to the time of the outbreak of hostilities no negotiation or arrangement of any kind between.

the Belgian and the French or the British General Staffs. This was one of the principal causes of the disaster of 1940, our perilous evacuation of Dunkirk, and the loss of all our army's guns and equipment. Hitler having now dug himself in behind the invincible barrier of the Rhine was able less than a year later to march with impunity into Austria, with the result that the strategical position of Czecho-Slovakia was made almost untenable. What was the reaction among the Allies? Did they realize that the whole European situation was being strategically turned to their disadvantage? This was followed by the Munich Agreement of 1938, in spite of which on March 15 of the following year the German troops marched into Prague. Poland began to realize that she was selected to be the next victim. Suddenly on March 31, 1939, Mr. Neville Chamberlain came into the House and gave a guarantee to Poland—a guarantee which we found it impossible to implement, and yet which forced us to declare war on September 3, 1939.

All these disasters go back to the fact that in 1919 we had neglected to take the strong advice of the greatest general of World War I and maintain the barrier of the Rhine which—as Marshal Foch had repeated so often—“had by a miracle fallen into our hands.” Winston Churchill had foreseen all the developments of which I had given such a rapid *résumé*. He had, in a series of wonderful speeches, prophesied these events and protested against the solutions adopted at the time. That was why he inspired at the moment when I was speaking, such immense confidence. I said that in my life-time I could not remember any Minister who had aroused such enthusiasm. Fifty years previously I had had the honour of sitting “under the clock” on the floor of the House listening to Mr. Churchill's father making his onslaught on Gladstone and the Home Rule Bill of 1893. Looking back on the past I said that I should have to go back over the whole period of the nineteenth century to find a statesman who could be compared with Lord Randolph Churchill's son. In fact, I said, I should have to go back to the younger Pitt who by his resource and his energy had inspired the victory which he did not live to see. Indeed in order to find that dynamic force, that driving power, that magnetic attraction for the crowd, I should have to go still further back to the younger Pitt's still greater father, the Earl of Chatham. I said I firmly believed that under the auspices of our Prime Minister we should overcome such difficulties and extricate ourselves from such dangers as had never faced either the younger or the older Pitt. If I might be allowed to prophecy, I contended it was my firm belief and conviction that the biographer and descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough would live to bring about something which neither the Treaty of Paris of 1763 nor the Treaty of Vienna of 1815 had ever succeeded in creating—a just and durable peace.

The Prime Minister was not in the House when I delivered this maiden speech, but he wrote me a very charming letter of congratulation which is one of my most precious treasures. I little dreamt when speaking how far the machinations of the Russians were to render impossible the realization one of my most precious treasures. I little dreamt when speaking how far maiden speech delivered in the old House of Commons, destroyed by enemy action four days later, on May 10, 1941. This was a Saturday evening, and on the following Monday I presented myself in New Palace Yard in order to have a view of the damage done to the House of Commons. The policeman on duty said that the Commons were now meeting in the Church House,

and without a permit from the Board of Works he could not allow me to enter the bombed Chamber. "But," I said, "what about my locker, which is full of very precious documents? Surely you will let me approach it to see whether these papers have been destroyed?" He accordingly gave me permission, and it was with immense relief that I saw it was still intact and all my papers safe. I then went on to the Chamber itself and was appalled to see that it was completely destroyed. It had no roof, all the benches were lying about the floor, as well as the Speaker's Chair which had been seriously damaged beyond all hope of repair. After having had a good look I started to go back the way I had come. I was very surprised to see approaching me the Speaker of the House of Commons with the Sergeant at Arms carrying the Mace, which fortunately had escaped, and I wondered what could have happened. Then I saw following the Speaker the King himself, who had come to see the destruction wrought in the House of Commons. I stood back as far as possible against the wall of the corridor and bowed very low. I heard afterwards from the Speaker's secretary that both the King and Queen had first visited Westminster Abbey, but that when the Queen saw the wreckage lying on the very spot where she and the King had so recently been crowned she was quite overwhelmed with emotion, and said to the King, "George, please go on alone to the House of Commons. I shall return direct to Buckingham Palace and send the car back to fetch you."

Fortunately the damage done to Westminster Abbey was soon repaired, but the Deanery was almost completely destroyed. The King graciously offered the Dean and his wife the hospitality of Buckingham Palace, but the Dean replied that it was his duty to remain in the precincts of the Abbey. When I paid him a visit there, he received me and gave me tea in the Jerusalem Chamber which he was using as his only sitting room, and he told me that his wife and he were occupying the only bedroom left intact.

The House of Commons in May, 1941, presented a very interesting spectacle. There was a Coalition Government headed by Mr. Winston Churchill, which had come into power some months before in the year when I had taken my seat. The Home Secretary was then Mr. Herbert Morrison, and he was the Minister responsible for the affairs of Northern Ireland. I had consequently a great deal to do with him. As Home Secretary he, for the first time I believe in his life, came over to Belfast. He was very warmly received by our Prime Minister, then the Right Honorable J. M. Andrews, and was entertained with the Ulster Members to lunch at the Prime Minister's official residence at Stormont. He was cordially welcomed not only in Belfast but at every place in Ulster which he visited, and he became extremely popular. From that time onward he was a staunch friend of Northern Ireland. When our new Prime Minister, Sir Basil Brooke (as he then was) came into office and was entertained in London, Herbert Morrison made a very eloquent speech, strongly defending the position of Ulster as part of the United Kingdom. The Ulster Members were very delighted, and I was determined to organize a demonstration in his favour. I got my friends therefore to take their seats in scattered positions throughout the Chamber, because as there was no Party Government at that time one could sit on whichever side of the House one liked. When Herbert Morrison got up to answer the first question—which happened to refer to the production of bicycles—I stood up giving the signal and waving my Order Paper, and at once a tremendous cheer went up from opposite quarters of the Chamber.

Herbert Morrison and everybody else seemed greatly taken by surprise at this ovation. He said to me afterwards, "I know, Savory, that you were at the bottom of all this."

While Home Secretary he did everything he possibly could to help us in every way. Owing to the secrecy which had to be maintained before D-Day, great difficulties arose in obtaining permits to cross over from Northern Ireland to England and Scotland, or vice versa. There were certain very urgent cases, for instance those of expectant mothers who had booked rooms in various hospitals and maternity homes in Northern Ireland, and who could not get a travel permit. I went to see Herbert Morrison in person, and explained to him how very difficult it was for these ladies to obtain any accommodation at the last moment in England, as everything was already fully booked, and he very willingly agreed to grant the necessary permits.

On another occasion threatening letters had been received against myself by the Minister, saying that when I went over to Northern Ireland my enemies would kidnap me, carry me across the Border and tear me to pieces. The Home Secretary communicated these threats to the Minister for Home Affairs for Northern Ireland, who is responsible for the control of the police throughout the whole province. The consequence was that when I arrived in Londonderry to deliver a speech and keep an appointment which had been booked some time previously, I was met by the police who accompanied me everywhere I went, to the hall where I was due to speak, and even to the house where I was given hospitality. To my immense surprise they actually bivouacked in the garden and remained there all night, ready the next morning to accompany me once more into the city. A very kind gentleman offered, in the afternoon when I was free, to take me for a drive to Moville along the shores of Lough Foyle, but as soon as we reached the Border we were met by the police who held up their hands and said to my kind host, "We have orders to look after Professor Savory, but if you take him across the Border we can be no longer held responsible for his safety. Will you please take him for a drive in a different direction?" Of course he did this, and when I left Londonderry by train the next day I was once more conducted to the station by the police, who, I think, must have been glad to be released from their charge.

DOUGLAS SAVORY

To be continued

TUNISIAN PROBLEMS

AT first sight the fall of the Husseinite dynasty in Tunisia on July 25 seems due to the lack of popularity of the last Bey of Tunis, Sidi Lamine. Imposed on the then French Protectorate in May, 1943, by the victorious Allies, he succeeded the deposed Sidi Monsef who had collaborated with the Axis during the six months' occupation of Tunis resulting from the Anglo-American landings in North Africa. Less respected by the masses than his predecessor, the new Bey unwisely amassed a huge personal fortune in the years that followed, and, unlike the Sultan of Morocco, did not identify himself with the national struggle for independence from the French. In recent years the escapades of two of his three sons have done nothing to raise the prestige of the royal family. In reality, however, other factors have been working against the throne ever since the

Mendès-France government granted autonomy in 1956. Habib Bourguiba, the real creator of the new Tunisia and first President of the republic, is convinced that it is only a matter of time before Algeria becomes an independent Moslem state, and he envisages a future North African federation consisting of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, with Libya added as an after-thought presumably as a buffer-state against the westward ambitions of Egypt. "These four countries will constitute a material and above all a moral force which other countries will have to take into account," as he explained in January, 1957, to the Tunisian constituent assembly when introducing the Libyan prime minister. Needless to say, Bourguiba sees his own country as the senior partner in any such grouping. In his view it would have to be closely linked with France, though in Paris there has never been any general encouragement for the idea of "le grand Maghreb arabe." The Sultan of Morocco supports the proposed federation, but the very fact of the identity of Tunisian and Moroccan views in this domain creates a political problem, since one cannot fail to notice that Bourguiba and the Sultan are rival claimants for the role of saviour of North Africa and leader of its peoples. The Sultan recently held an audience at Casablanca for the trade-union leaders of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, while shortly afterwards some student representatives of the three countries were similarly received. Bourguiba cannot but be displeased by this tendency to assume that Morocco is the natural leader of the group.

Meanwhile the Tunisian president apparently discounts the possibility of any great Moslem figure arising in Algeria itself. "If there had been a Bourguiba in Algeria we should have heard about him by now," he once declared with charming candour; and since the five rebel leaders were captured by the French when travelling by air from Morocco to Tunis the Algerians are presumably even less likely to produce a man of unrivalled moral authority. Since it can be taken for granted that any independent Algerian state will be republican in form, it is likely that Bourguiba's assumption is that the republic of Tunisia will appear more attractive to the Algerians than feudal Morocco. By the establishment of the republic he has thus stolen a march on his rival and put Tunisia forward as a dynamic, progressive country well able to act as mentor to the Algerians.

The ending of the monarchy appears in a new light when these facts are taken into consideration, and is seen as part of a particular historical process rather than as an attack upon a rather ineffectual old man. The royal dynasty had indeed, from the point of view of a Bourguiba aiming at leadership of the Maghreb, become what he called "a dead tree which must be uprooted by the Tunisian people." Yet the latest change does nothing to solve the problems that have been facing Tunisia since she became a sovereign state last year. First there is the self-evident fact that the country has now to stand on its own feet, a difficult task ever since the outgoing Mollet government announced France's intention of discontinuing economic aid. The Tunisians make no secret of their hope that the U.S.A. will step into the breach, but the French government has explicitly stated that any such aid given by America to Tunis would be considered as a provocation in Paris. During the first half of June various measures of national economy were announced, chiefly in the sphere of administration, so that the budget was reduced by nearly 10 per cent, but further action will be required. In the space of a single human lifetime the French had worked wonders in the

country, developing phosphate and mineral mines, replanting olive trees, building railways and excellent motor roads, together with harbours, hospitals and schools; but this can only be regarded as a beginning for the standard of living is pitifully low. Even though the French trebled the area under wheat and multiplied herds tenfold, great numbers of Tunisians live in mud huts or urban slums. Agriculture and industry need foreign capital at the very moment when investors are nervous of putting their money into North Africa. Meanwhile large numbers of the French population of Tunisia are naturally hostile to the new state of affairs in which their privileges are curtailed. Skilled, hardworking farmers and technicians are returning to France in such numbers that reception centres have been set up in Paris and the provinces. Members of the Tunisian civil service are seething with resentment, claiming that Moslems are being unfairly promoted. Even law-breakers pose an international problem because the French government insists that Europeans should not be subject to the ordinary penal code but must be tried in separate courts from Moslems. Above all the French army is still present in Tunisia. Foreign troops are rarely popular in any country, least of all when they remind the population of what is considered to be the humiliation of the past. The Tunisian government claims the right to veto particular troop movements, and several armed clashes have resulted from disagreements over this point. At all events the present military position is that Algerian armed bands fit themselves out in Tunisia, cross into Algeria and come back over the frontier when they have completed their mission. The theory is that French troops in Tunisia and Algeria are units of totally different armies, and are not allowed to reinforce each other by land. Nor can Algerians be pursued across the frontier.

Algeria is the great stumbling-block standing in the way of good relations with France. Alleged Tunisian aid to the rebels was the reason for the cessation of the French subsidy; but the Algerian struggle poisons Franco-Tunisian relations at every turn, for Bourguiba makes no secret of his sympathies. Yet he is not an extremist, or even essentially anti-French, and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity when he says that he is torn between his French friends and his Algerian brothers. It is also equally true to say that no Moslem leader would dare to be on too cordial terms with the French government as long as hostilities continue in Algeria. Thus Bourguiba is on the horns of a dilemma, believing as he does that his country ought to remain within the French orbit. In December, 1956, he expressly stated that Tunisia does not intend to live in isolation. Though belonging to an Arab and Moslem tradition she must have access to other cultures, and particularly those of France and the West, in order, as he said in a curious phrase, "to take hold of reality" (*avoir prise sur le réel*). This can be taken as a hint that he sees the salvation of Tunisia as lying with France and the occident rather than with pan-Arabism. Certain it is that Bourguiba sees himself as a mediator between East and West. Indeed it is a moot point whether his country should be regarded as belonging to the Orient or not. After all, Europe is only 100 miles across the Mediterranean, and it is safe to say that Bourguiba is more at home in Paris than in the Middle East, being a graduate of the *Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques* where he studied from 1924-1927, returning to Tunis with a French wife. He has the reputation of considering Tunisia to be a cut above the rest of the Arab world, and is at pains to bring her into the international limelight

as a forward-looking nation. The congress of trade-unions recently held at Tunis must have caused him and his colleagues much satisfaction from this point of view. Needless to say, Tunisia is a fully-fledged member of the United Nations, and was in fact one of the countries chosen to investigate the situation in Hungary.

Communism is not a problem in Tunisia. Unlike most Arab lands, it possesses a solid and old-established bourgeoisie, and Bourguiba himself is of lower middle-class origin. He sees nationalism as the enemy of communism, and though there has lately been some talk of trade agreements with communist countries Bourguiba would sooner be in the American sphere of influence than the Russian, if ever there was to be an irreparable break with France. America is already sending food for Tunisian children, as from the middle of May, but Bourguiba is pressing for international aid from world refugee organisations for the large numbers of Algerian women and children who have come into the country. The presence of some 200,000 Algerians in Tunisia is a heavy strain on the resources of a nation of less than four millions, especially at a time of economic crisis. When it is considered that some thousands of these Algerians are armed men it can be surmised that there is some reason for uneasiness, an uneasiness quite openly admitted by Bourguiba in mid-June in an interview given to the *Paris Express*. "It all worries me. With Tunisians I can always explain things to them, hold them in check. But those people—I'm holding them by my fingertips." Not for nothing does the North African proverb say that Algeria is a man and Tunisia a woman. Algerians in Tunisia may be all the more unruly when they recall that the Tunisians had independence handed over to them by the French liberals, whereas they themselves are having to fight for it.

The Algerian leaders are a source of difficulty to Bourguiba inasmuch as he considers them to be too uncompromising in their demand for complete and immediate independence. They will not accept any suggestion for a plebiscite on the grounds that election results would be faked by the French. A moderate man, Bourguiba sees that the French and Algerian attitudes are both extreme; hence his hope of a solution by means of a North African federation loosely bound to France. In his own relationship with France he is prepared to practise what he preaches, for even should the French forces leave Tunisia they would still have access to the important harbour of Bizerta and French soldiers would be allowed to remain behind to maintain radar stations and airfields. But the Algerians evidently hope that French public opinion will sicken of the struggle and call for a cessation of hostilities entailing the granting of full independence. Meanwhile the French have been remarkably adroit in avoiding any condemnation by the United Nations of their action in Algeria, so the war goes on and President Bourguiba has to continue his balancing act between the two sides. French determination is meanwhile bolstered up by the news of the discovery of oil in the Sahara.

It is obvious that nearly all of Tunisia's troubles spring from the situation in Algeria and that a settlement of this problem would transform her position immediately. There would then be no obstacle to full friendship with France, and economic aid would doubtless be forthcoming, not only from Paris but also from the Americans who would no longer have any fear of offending their French allies. Development of the Sahara by French capital would bring an oil pipeline through Tunisia to the Mediterranean, with all its attendant employment and perquisites. Meanwhile Bourguiba is not waiting

passively for events to solve his problems but is tackling the job of transforming his country into a modern community on the western model. The new Tunisia is founded upon the idea of the Rights of Man, and while it is premature to speak of it as a fully-fledged democracy the first steps have been taken. In spite of economic difficulties, expenditure on health, public works and education is being increased this year. With the development of information services, plans are on foot at Tunis for the construction of a television station and a powerful shortwave transmitter. The armed forces are being developed and expanded, all Tunisian men between 20 and 50 being in theory at the disposal of the military authorities; and such is the break with tradition that even the considerable Jewish population is affected by this measure although from time immemorial Jews in Tunisia have been exempt from military service. Nor is the feminine position unaffected. Polygamy is now punishable by imprisonment and women are entitled to vote. When this right was exercised for the first time in the May elections, 85 per cent of the female electorate went to the polls, the first woman voter at Bourguiba's home town of Monastir being embraced by the prime minister himself, surely a unique event in a Moslem country. Meanwhile there is some danger that the abolition of the monarchy may have thrown a cloud over relations with Libya and Morocco. When the republic was proclaimed on July 25 the Moroccan ambassador did not accept the invitation to be present at the event, while his Libyan colleague pointedly walked out in the middle of the proceedings. At least part of the Moroccan press openly sympathized with the deposed Bey. The monarchies of Libya and Morocco know that they would be no match for Tunisia and a future republic of Algeria. Can it be that President Bourguiba has over-reached himself and made the attainment of a North African federation more difficult than before?

Southampton University

BRIAN FOSTER

THE SECOND EMPIRE. VIII. PRINCES MATHILDE

THE publication of the unfinished Memoirs of Princess Mathilde in the *Revue des deux Mondes* in 1928 revived interest in one of the more acceptable members of the unattractive Bonaparte clan, and now we may read the first full record of her life in the biography by Marguerite Castillon du Perron based on her private papers and correspondence. The daughter of Jerome, King of Westphalia, niece of the mighty Emperor and first cousin of Napoleon III, was connected through her mother with several historic dynasties. Catherine was the daughter of King Frederick of Wurttemberg, sister of his successor King William, and sister of Marie who had married the unlucky Tsar Paul and became the mother of the Tsars Alexander and Nicholas. To complete the family background we may add that her mother was a niece of George III.

Mathilde was unlucky in her parents, in her husband, and in the successive lovers who partially filled the vacuum left by the breakdown of a commercial marriage. The youngest of the Bonaparte brothers was the most contemptible of them all. "My father," she wrote, "was the most amiable of men and pushed gallantry to imprudence." An unfaithful husband and an unloving parent, his extravagant habits kept him perpetually in debt, and

drove him to cadge from every available source. Having occupied a throne till the battle of Leipzig drove him into the wilderness, he expected to be supported and treated as a royalty for the rest of his life. The most honourable incident in his career was a wound at Waterloo. Excluded from France with the rest of the Bonapartes, he lived in exile as Prince de Montfort till his nephew nearly forty years later brought him back in honour and affluence. The lack of a father whom Mathilde could love and respect was not compensated by the affection of her mother, who declared that she would give her children for her husband's little finger and lived on friendly terms with an Italian mistress. The only warmth in the girl's early years was supplied by a Swiss widow, Baroness Reding, lady in waiting to her mother. "She loved me as her child. I loved her more than my mother, whom I scarcely knew. I consulted her about everything; she never left me and she died in my arms."

Mathilde was born in Trieste in 1820. Three years later the family migrated to Rome, where the thrifty old Mme Mère formed a rallying-point for her large family. Weekly visits to the gloomy palace of her grandmother were a trial, but in her own home there was plenty of company. Jerome visited his mother every day and paid a formal visit to the Pope once a year, on one occasion taking his daughter with him. The Roman phase ended abruptly when her cousins, the sons of Louis and Hortense, joined the revolt in the Papal states in 1831. Jerome was expelled and settled in Florence, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, which the Memoirs describe as a happy place. The neglected wife of Joseph Bonaparte, who preferred the company of a mistress, lived in Florence and became almost a second mother. Louis Bonaparte, who migrated to Tuscany after the fall of the Empire, is portrayed as a morose and miserly invalid, eternally grumbling about his wife. To know him was to sympathize with Hortense, who became a valued friend and invited Mathilde to Arenenberg, where the future Emperor played with her and her brother. Though there was a difference of twelve years the idea of a union occurred independently to the respective parents when Hortense invited Mathilde to spend the winter at Arenenberg after the death of her mother in 1835. One night when she was believed to be asleep she overheard Baroness Reding talking to Jerome about her marriage and discovered that the mind of Hortense was travelling in the same direction. That the young people were attached to each other was clear. "He had always been like a brother to her," she writes, and kisses were exchanged. Her father approved, and his father after some hesitation gave his assent. The project was ruined by the *coup* at Strasbourg and the exile of the conspirator, who, amid the attractions of New York, soon forgot his first romance. There was no heartbreak on either side. They would scarcely have been happy together for their temperaments were as different as their interests. "He is never angry," she complained, "his strongest expression is 'Absurd.' If I had married him I should have broken his head open to see what was inside."

After this fiasco thoughts of marriage were never far from her mind. Though penniless, for the family was supported by the King of Württemberg, she was a vivacious, intelligent and well-educated girl, with a taste—though little talent—for music and painting. Longing to fly from an uncongenial home, and having seen too much of the world to dream of a love match, she asked little more than a wealthy husband. She met her future

partner for the first time in Florence in 1838 and saw her chance. Anatole Demidoff, a coarse and sensual Russian millionaire, derived his fabulous income from mines and factories. His father had built a house near Florence, where he had established a silk factory. The son, who had a liking for the arts, travel and archaeology, visited the Jerome family in company with Jules Janin, the French author, who first suggested to his patron the idea of a marriage. "People spoke of it to me," she records. "The man did not displease me. I found him *distingué*. He lived in Paris which was an important factor in my decision. My aunt Julie approved, and my father too, though he wanted to make conditions which were rejected. I was much annoyed, but Demidoff told me it was only postponed. I looked forward to the marriage because it meant escape from a false situation. Imagine a girl of eighteen alone with a father who paid no attention to her, was enslaved by a love of pleasure, and lived only for his passions." Negotiations dragged on till 1840, when Demidoff consented to pay some of Jerome's debts. That he was a notorious *roué* with a *mâîtresse en titre* was a trifle.

A more serious obstacle was that the bridegroom belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church and required the consent of the Tsar. The Grand Duke of Tuscany strove to ease the situation by conferring on him the title of Prince of San Donato, and the girl's eagerness increased as the ceremony approached. "I was very satisfied. He pleased me in every way. I wanted to bring into his life a serenity and regularity which he had never enjoyed and which he seemed to crave." She was deceiving herself, for he loved her even less than she loved him. Each wanted something the other could supply—she a sumptuous establishment, he social prestige by marrying the daughter of a former King. He had never been accepted by the old Russian nobility as one of themselves, and he retained the mentality and manners of a *parvenu*.

The ceremony took place at Florence in November, 1840, first according to the Greek Orthodox rite, then in the sacristy of the Duomo. "He seemed very fond and proud of me," she writes; "his vanity was for the moment wholly satisfied." It was a false dawn, for an altercation between him and the Russian Ambassador in Rome resulted in a summons to St. Petersburg. It was a blow to the bride, who had counted on a visit to Paris which she had never seen, and the freezing drive to the Russian capital was rendered still more disagreeable by the sombre mood of her husband. The Tsar's friendliness to Mathilde, due partly to family ties, partly to her intelligence and charm, contrasted sharply with his studied coolness to Demidoff. In granting them permission to leave the country he warned her that she had made a bad choice. "You do not know what a scoundrel you have married. He is a contemptible fellow and you will never be happy with him, but I will always be your friend." She carried away an abiding memory of the kindness of the ruler and the squalor of his dominions. As the ill-matched pair drove slowly back to the west, she consoled herself by the thought of social triumphs and intellectual stimulus in the city of her dreams.

Mathilde's first excursion was to the Invalides, for her devotion to her uncle coloured the whole of her life, and she vainly sought permission to visit her cousin at Ham. Though her family loyalties were unconcealed, she was soon on excellent terms with Louis Philippe and the motherly Queen. Guests flocked to her receptions and musical parties, among them Thiers, who divided his time between high office and the composition of

the *Consulat et Empire*. When the couple returned to Italy in 1843 she was known as "the great lady of Florence." Though she lived in semi-regal splendour her marriage had broken down, for her husband's irritability was aggravated by poor health. When he entered her salon during a reception with his latest mistress on his arm she decided to go her own way. Craving for love, she believed she had found it in Nieuwerkerque, the son of a Dutch officer, who was passing through Florence in company with the Comte de Chambord in the course of a tour in Italy. Unable to bear the yoke any longer she sought temporary refuge in a nunnery, but she was not made for the cloister. The day of deliverance dawned when the Tsar, after summoning Demidoff to Russia, permitted a separation, while retaining most of her jewels and securing an allowance of 200,000 francs a year. The husband was forbidden to return to Paris, and they never met again. For the first time she was a rich woman on her own and looked forward to a happy *liaison de convenance* with the first man she had really loved. Marriage was impossible, for both parties were married. Nieuwerkerque was a Legitimist; Mathilde dreamed of combining Legitimists and Orleanists in an effort to bring the Duc de Chambord to the throne when Louis Philippe passed away. Convinced that her cousin Louis had ruined his prospects at Strasbourg and Boulogne, she felt no sense of disloyalty to the Bonapartist cause.

The political scene was transformed by the proclamation of the Second Republic and the election of her cousin in five departments. At this point Mathilde emerges on the political stage, supporting him with her money and influence. The simultaneous election of her brother Jerome Napoleon to the Chamber provided a further reason for identifying herself with the Man of Destiny. When he was elected President by an overwhelming plebiscitary majority and moved into the Elysée, she acted as his hostess. Friend and foe foretold a Second Empire, and the expectation that the cousins would marry was almost equally wide-spread. That a divorce from Demidoff would be needed was a trifle: a graver obstacle was her happiness with Nieuwerkerque, and she confided to the Goncourt brothers that she and the President could not have got on together.

The four years of the Second Republic were perhaps the happiest chapter of Mathilde's life. She was still in love with Nieuwerkerque, Director of National Museums, Member of the Institut, and Chamberlain to the Emperor. Her salon was the most brilliant in Paris, and with a bachelor President she was recognised as the first lady in the land. Her position seemed still more assured when her cousin moved into the Tuileries. Old Jerome was appointed President of the Senate and provided with a dignified residence in the Invalides, where he died in 1860. Father and daughter had never loved one another, and the stopping of her allowance to him of 40,000 francs created a final breach. Rich though she was, the Emperor allowed her 200,000 francs a year (later increased to 500,000) which enabled her to buy a country home at Saint-Gratien within easy reach of the capital. Her only political regret was the appropriation of part of the Orleans property for the State, a measure against which she protested in vain.

Though well aware that Napoleon III needed an heir, she dreaded the moment when she would have to step down. She liked Eugénie at first and encouraged her meetings with the President, never dreaming of anything beyond a *liaison*. When he announced his decision, no one was more sur-

prised, and his appeal to her for kindness to the woman of his choice fell on deaf ears. Henceforth her attitude to *l'Espagnole*, as she called her, was chilly and soon degenerated into hostility. She had never possessed much influence over her cousin and henceforth she had none. Though they remained on friendly terms and she paid him a duty visit every autumn at Compiègne, she was rarely seen at the Tuileries. The estrangement was sharpened by occasional political differences; while he was Anglophil she was Anglophobe. Mindful of the kindness of the Tsar, she disapproved the Crimean war. The Emperor's Italian policy, on the other hand, commanded her approval as strongly as it shocked the Empress; and Nigra, Cavour's trusted Ambassador, was a welcome guest in her saloon. Neither a *dévôte* nor an anti-clerical, she rejoiced in the success of the Italian campaign.

After the Emperor's marriage her salon became the main occupation and pride of her life, for Nieuwerkerque, like Demidoff before him, looked elsewhere for his pleasures. Since the Empress cared little for *belles-lettres* and the arts, the Princess became and remained the queen of the literary and artistic world, *Notre Dame des Arts*, "a Marguerite of Navarre in the skin of a Napoleon," as the Goncourt brothers described her. With the exception of Victor Hugo, sulking in Guernsey, and George Sand, who in later life preferred Nohant to the racket of the capital, almost every writer and artist of note frequented the dinners and receptions in her two homes. Among the former were Dumas *père et fils*, Gautier, Mérimée, Flaubert, Feuillet, About, Labiche, the de Goncourt brothers, Taine, Renan, Littré; among the latter Meissonnier, Gavarni and Carpeaux. The leading lion was Sainte-Beuve, whom she saw every week and consulted on her private affairs and with whom she exchanged hundreds of letters. In 1862 he contributed a vivid sketch of his friend to a symposium entitled *Galerie Bonaparte*. "Her brow is lofty and proud, her features clearly and boldly defined with no trace of indecision. Despite the classical purity of the lines she is more than a mere type. Her deep-set brown eyes shine with the affection or the idea of the moment, incapable of feigning or concealing her thought. Her glance is lively and piercing. Her whole countenance breathes nobility, dignity, when animated a blend of grace and power, the joy of a healthy nature, frankness and kindness, sometimes fire and ardour too. Her cheeks colour in righteous anger. Her head rises in dignity above a dazzling and magnificent bust and the shoulders are like marble. She has the lovely hands of the Bonaparte family. There is something sovereign about her, a woman in the full flush of life."

The prince of critics found as much to admire in her character as her looks. "She is uncomplicated and straightforward; nothing is left in shadow. Duplicity, subterfuge, intrigue, cunning, perfidy, she abhors. Her friendships are faithful and durable. She needs to believe in people. Though her first reaction is sometimes impetuous and may carry her too far, she holds herself in if warned. Her mind resembles her character, combining elevation with simplicity. Here, as everywhere else, there is sincerity. Do not talk to her of complexities or ambiguities; she has no use for nuances and half-tones. She dislikes all that is vague and goes straight ahead. In her and her brother there is something of their uncle the Emperor." In gratitude for his friendship she procured him an invitation to Compiègne and his nomination to the Senate. The pleasant comradeship ended abruptly when in the last year of his life he committed the unpardonable offence of contributing literary

articles to the *Temps*, an opposition journal. Driving unannounced to his house she furiously reproached "the vassal of the Emperor" with treachery, shook her muff at him, and renounced his friendship. They never met again. In crediting her with durable friendships he had overlooked the fact that the cult of the Bonaparte family meant more to her than any personal tie. There was no fear that the gentle and affectionate Théophile Gautier, her librarian and a member of the staff of the official *Moniteur*, would arouse her wrath. The friends whom Sainte-Beuve had brought her continued their attendance, among them Renan and Taine, Dumas père and Dumas fils. The correspondence of Flaubert, the Goncourt journals and the jottings of Count Horace de Viel-Castel depict the hostess in her crowded salon.

When the news of Sedan reached Paris Mathilde was advised to leave home, but her offer to visit the captive at Wilhelmshöhe was politely declined. "I regret to be still alive," she wrote to Dumas fils. "Is it fair that I should suffer so much? I have never been ambitious and only wanted to be loved for myself. I have tried to help people who sought my aid, and I thought if I were ever to need help I should get it. Though I never expected gratitude, this injustice is a trial." She met the fallen Emperor for the last time when he passed through Brussels *en route* for Chislehurst. She attributed the downfall of the Second Empire to the Empress and the Ministers, but found few to agree.

Returning to Paris in her fiftieth year Mathilde strove to rebuild her life as a private citizen. She told her old friend Thiers, now head of the state, that she would stand aloof from politics. The death of Demidoff in 1870 left her free to remarry, but she preferred a new *liaison* with Popelin, a young artist and poet, whom, as in her previous affairs, she loved more than he loved her. She resumed her weekly dinners for writers and artists, but the surviving Goncourt noted in his journal that she was sometimes very depressed. Though she secured some brilliant young recruits, among them Maupassant and Coppée, Paul Bourget and Anatole France, Barrès and Proust, she lost one of her oldest friends when Taine's criticism of Napoleon and his family led to a breach. Meeting him later at an Academy election she turned her back on the historian, exclaiming to a friend: "That beast." When he replied that it would be a good opportunity to let bygones be bygones, she exclaimed "Never." The same fate befell Sardou, whose picture of her adored uncle in *Mme Sans Gêne* caused her to walk out of the theatre. Her least agreeable trait was her readiness to sacrifice valued friendships to differences of opinion about *le petit caporal*. On the death of the Prince Imperial she lost all hope of a restoration and, like Eugénie, accepted the Republic.

The *liaison* with Popelin, which had brought a spell of happiness, ended on discovering that he was in love with a young member of her household. Her old friends were dying off, and the death of her brother in 1891 severed the last link with her youth. Though surrounded by company she was lonely at heart and ready to go. Like her brother and the two Emperors she had no expectation of an after life, and she faced the end at the age of eighty-four without hopes or fears. She left her possessions to her nephew, Prince Louis, younger son of Prince Napoleon, who had taken service in the Russian army. Like her old rival Eugénie she had lived too long.

G. P. GOOCH

To be continued.

DYLAN THOMAS AND EDWARD THOMAS

THE appearance of Caitlin Thomas' *Leftover Life to Kill* recalls a similar account by another literary widow, Helen, wife of Edward Thomas. *As It was in the Beginning . . . World Without End* differs, however, from Caitlin Thomas' work in several fundamental ways. In the former, although autobiographical in structure, the writer, his wife and their relatives are thinly disguised by the use of other names. Edward Thomas becomes David Townsend, Helen is Jennie, the children, Philip, Elizabeth and Mary instead of Merfyn, Bronwen and Myfanwy. Some of these names are actually taken from the Thomas annals, for Townsend was the name of Edward Thomas' maternal grandmother in Monmouthshire, and Philip, his father's Christian name. Caitlin Thomas' book is autobiography undisguised.

Deeper, however, is the difference in style of the two books. For the vehement, bubbling broth poured out by Dylan Thomas' widow there is the placid, liquid quality of Helen Thomas' tale, simple, direct, at times, especially in the first part, almost naïve in its ingenuousness, but thereby the more completely adapted to an account of unsophisticated emotions, gradually maturing through suffering into a richer perceptiveness. Reticence does not hinder either writer from revealing intimately her relations with her famous husband, nor did convention hamper their household ways. Both families, as might be suspected were marked by a certain antinomianism. But whereas the Dylan Thomas ménage set out *pour épater le bourgeois* by being consciously rebellious against middle class behaviour, especially as it was represented in a small Welsh town like Laugharne, the unconventionality of the Edward Thomases was of a far less positive and aggressive nature. For them, prevailing social patterns just did not exist on the same plane as their love, the growth of which Mrs. Thomas traces with a Rousseauesque naïveté of idealism. To the two lovers, the uncomplicated fulfilment of desire constituted an idyll of which the innocence and rapture cannot fail to touch momentarily the most cynical reader. It is the Garden of Eden all over again, with the first two lovers naked and unashamed. But reason and the claims of society break in upon the idyll; a living has to be earned, bills to be paid, children to be fed and clothed and educated, and the lovers to fit in as best they can in a community whose standards they have hitherto not so much despised as ignored as something foreign and unreal to their love.

On the other hand, it would appear that Dylan and Mrs. Thomas were all too aware of society, and reacted deliberately against the "respectable" by openly and assertively espousing the *outré* in order to disturb their fellowmen. They knew only too well Paradise was already lost, and the very violence of their contempt for other men's attempts to abide by the dictates of a stable community emanated not from a pristine simplicity as with the Edward Thomases, but from a complicated and confused sense of defiance which presupposed a recognition of the social order which they sought to oppose. *Leftover Life to Kill* has not that freedom from all sense of guilt, the pagan, Pan-like sensuality which gives to large sections of Helen Thomas's story a translucent clarity. Their relations were tortured, obfuscated, deliberately flaunting a code of manners which they thereby acknowledged, if only in reverse.

Dylan Thomas has frequently been likened to Baudelaire. For both the subject of poetry was modern sensual man. Like Baudelaire, Thomas had no illusions about the natural goodness of man. From his earliest work, *18 Poems*, he knew man, left to himself, had a strong tendency to depravity. It was the origins of this depraved human nature he set out to explore, probing even lower than Lawrence, Joyce or Proust in their incursions into the individual subconscious. Dylan Thomas' penetration was into the dark subliminal caverns of antenatal consciousness; he presents us with "a universe where the anthropomorphic imagination concerns itself with the origins of man: the ovum, the embryo, the homunculus, the seed."¹ This foetal world which is a microcosm of all life is dominated by purely biological considerations. To the early Thomas, the erotic impulse and the sexual machinery which engenders it represent the total man or woman. In other words, man is a piece of matter, at one with the rest of nature which he sees, in turn, motivated by the same impulses as man. "In order to refer to this mode of sexually perceiving the cosmos," comments Derek Stanford in his book on Thomas, "I intend—for short-hand reasons—to resort to an hypothesis, the supposition of pantheism. Now pantheism, in Bertrand Russell's definition, 'holds that God and the world are not distinct, and that everything in the world is part of God.' This being so, the world and all things in it are separately yet reciprocally alive; or—in the words of Coleridge—there is 'for every object . . . a sort of life, and passions and motions attending it.'"

"From this, there follows the corollary that in all our dealings with matter, we are actually dealing with God. But if in dealing with one sort of matter, we are dealing with God just as much as if we had to do with matter of a different sort, then all matter, religiously speaking, must be interchangeable. . . . When, therefore, the poet deals with matter of one kind or another, he is dealing with, partaking of, God; and when he substitutes for the image of this matter, the image of matter of a different type, he is creating a sacrament, and establishing a sacramental view of the world."²

Whatever one's opinion of such a definition of a sacrament, the result of Thomas' so-called "sacramentalism" is something very different in tone and spirit from the work of such poets as Gerald Manley Hopkins and T. S. Eliot who, perhaps more than any other modern poets, represent the sacramental view of the universe. largely, I should like to suggest, because although he had a lively perception of nature and a growing awareness of the existence of a supernatural reality, his conception of the intervening plane, the human, was faulty. Man he still regarded in purely biological terms, as merely a more complicated animal, and therefore an extension of the natural realm.

"There are two laws discrete
Not reconciled,—
Law for man and law for thing:
The last builds town and fleet,
But it runs wild,
And doth the man unking,"

wrote Emerson, and in quoting this, Irving Babbitt went on to add: "The true mark of excellence in a man, as Pascal puts it, is his power to harmonize

¹ Derek Stanford, *Dylan Thomas* (London: Neville Spearman, 1954), p. 39.

² Stanford, *op. cit.* pp. 36-7.

in himself opposite virtues and to occupy all the space between them (*tout l'entredeux*). . . . Man is a creature foredoomed to one-sidedness, yet who becomes humane only in proportion as he triumphs over this fatality of his nature."¹ It is this failure to become "humane," to occupy *tout l'entredeux* between the animal and the divine in man, which seems to limit Thomas' lyrical work. For, with all its apparent originality and daring, its drift is but the logical outcome, *poussé à l'outrance*, of the belief popularized by Rousseau, in man as the child of nature, an intrinsic part of the phenomenal universe, the very heresy against which Baudelaire, to whom Thomas has been compared, was to rebel so violently.

The accompanying Rousseauesque conception that this child of nature is thereby essentially good Thomas could not accept, without reservation. A vestigial Puritanism from time to time pricks him into uneasiness. Outwardly contemptuous of Christian teaching, he could not entirely ignore it.

"I have longed to move away, but am afraid;

Some life, yet unspent, might explode

Out of the old lie burning on the ground,

And, crackling in the air, leave me half-blind."

Hence his obsession with man's corruption already seen in *18 Poems*. Not an intellectual poet, the thought which informs Thomas' work derived mainly from the Romantics, a vague Shelleyan pantheism whereby all nature is stirred by the same erotic impulse, but there is a deeper *fond* of emotional guilt, deriving from an instinctive sense of man's depravity, a depravity not necessarily shared by nature, and thereby setting man apart from nature. This brings him nearer to Baudelaire. Both as young men sought to outrage convention by an arrogant espousing of evil as their good, although never in Thomas did it result in anything as theological as that Baudelairean orthodoxy in reverse, Satanism, although he too was fascinated by the repulsive and unnatural in sex which so often form a Satanic ritual.

The movement of Thomas' work was, however, gradually away from absorption in his "sexology" to embrace a wider range of subjects. Particularly by the time of *The Map of Love* (1939) he was becoming aware of the existence of other people besides himself, and towards the end of his short life, the lyric impulse, so often fed by the exclusively subjective, seemed to be running thin, replaced by a more objective view of life which took on dramatic form. In the second part of *The Author's Prologue* to the *Collected Poems*, in a tribute to Wales, the poet admitted his affinity with his

"kingdom of neighbours, finned

felled and quilled,"

to which he is linked "by God's beasthood"—"a particularly 'pantheistic' expression."² Man, even in community, is predominantly part of the phenomenal world. Both *The Doctor and the Devils* and *Under Milk Wood* deal with man, but still only with "natural man," viewed, although with increasing benevolence and humorous satire, in terms of his animal appetites. What might have emerged had Dylan Thomas survived to continue his study of humanity is a matter for conjecture, for, side by side with this growing objectivity, went an obvious development in personal

¹ Irving Babbitt, *Literature and the American College* (Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1908), pp. 22-3.

² Stanford, *op. cit.*, p. 143.

belief. Christianity was no longer synonymous with modes of worship he had earlier rejected as "half convention and half lie." Christianity now had a mythopœic power for his imagination which was becoming increasingly necessary for his apprehension of experience, culminating in the last stanza of *Vision and Prayer* with an apparent acceptance of God's love.

"But the loud sun
Christens down
The sky
I
Am found."

As far as his evolution went, however, one is left with the sense that Thomas, like Baudelaire, was still vacillating from the animal to the spiritual plane without ever quite attaining an equilibrium on the purely human.

It is for just this equilibrium on the human plane, on the other hand, that the other Thomas, Edward, is known and loved. That his lyric gift was frailer, less penetrating, certainly less revolutionary than his compatriot's is undeniable, although in his own day Edward Thomas was an innovator in style, too. But it is the graciousness and very humanity of his country figures that make Thomas' slighter work memorable. No modern writer had a more intimate knowledge of nature, or could reproduce more vividly the feel of each season, and especially of the countryside on wet or snowy days. Few felt more closely man's affinity with nature. His similes liken his characters to things in nature, but that is not to say that he *identifies* men with other creatures. Old Farmer Hayward of the Heath

"was like a cob,
And leather-coloured,"

but man and animal still retain their individuality. His "Roads" and their makers are quite distinct. In some senses, the roads have the greater permanence.

"Roads go on
While we forget, and are
Forgotten like a star
That shoots and is gone."

But even so, they are still the objects of man's creative power, and man is their master. The charcoal burners on their hearth are seen against a clearly defined background, but the human figures are thereby the more salient.

"The charcoal-burners are black, but their linen
Blows white on the line;
And white the letter the girl is reading
Under that crescent fine:

"And her brother who hides apart in a thicket,
Slowly and surely playing
On a whistle an old nursery melody,
Says far more than I'm saying."

There is no blending of human and natural in an indistinguishable haze.

In *World Without End* Helen Thomas described in a significant passage the village people among whom she had settled in Hampshire. "Among the villagers, one of whom was my next-door neighbour, I found real people—people whom life had buffeted, to whom it had imparted humour and shrewdness and wide tolerance . . .".¹ Of such *real* people, not of marionettes

¹ Helen Thomas, *As It was in the Beginning . . . World Without End* (London: Heinemann, 1935), p. 245.

moved by the determinist strings of biological urge, Edward Thomas wrote.

These figures gain in proportion by being seen against a fourth dimension of distance and mystery which broods around and impinges upon even the most earthy of his scenes. But the "supernatural," if one may call it that, is no more than a background, unquestioningly accepted, to his description of man and countryside. Guilt and conflict and man's need of salvation from his animality exist no more in Edward Thomas' poetry than they do in his widow's reminiscences. A poignant melancholy, a ground-tone of frustration may ruffle the surface calm of his lyricism, betraying but dimly the deep *malaise* at the heart of the poet which was so admirably grasped by yet another young Welsh poet prematurely killed in battle, Alun Lewis.¹ Never do we find the agonized, self-torturing urgency which marks, for example, Dylan Thomas' *Altarwise by Owl-light* or *I have longed to move away*. What Edward Thomas knew, he knew: the goodly colours and smell of the earth, the infinite variety of flowers, the essential honesty of his countryman. The rest was mystery. He preferred it so, and it would have remained so, I believe, had he survived. He remains one of the outstanding *minor poets* of our century. Dylan Thomas, on the other hand, might have evolved, if not as a lyric poet, then as a dramatist, into one of our *major* poets, able to fuse man's twofold apprehension of himself as a creature and divinity into an impelling reality, balanced upon the delicate tensions created in modern man by his awareness of the polarity of his nature which, as yet, modern art has done all too little to resolve.

JOAN HARDING

¹ Alun Lewis, *To Edward Thomas* (On visiting the memorial stone above Steep):

"Later, a whole day later, I remembered
This war and yours and your weary
Circle of failure and your striving
To make articulate the groping voices
Of snow and rain and dripping branches
And love that ailing in itself cried out
About the straggling eaves and ringed the candle
With shadows slouching round your buried head;
And in the waiting room there was no ease
For you, or Helen, or those small perplexed
Children of yours who only wished to please."

THE KOREAN PROBLEM

ON January 11, 1957, the United Nations' Assembly approved—with the customary opposition from the Soviet bloc—a United States resolution reaffirming the U.N. objective of "bringing about by peaceful means the establishment of a unified, independent and democratic Korea under a representative form of government, and the full restoration of international peace and security in the area." It was not difficult to pass the resolution; to implement it is another matter, and it is easy to see why President Syngman Rhee is not impressed by what he regards as continued stalling. Korea remains divided, and to some observers it looks like staying divided for a long time. But can it stay that way for ever? Is it possible to keep a small nation divided in two, each part economically weak and dependent on outside help? Korea was split in 1945 and, in spite of the tragedy of the Korean war, remained split along the 38th Parallel after the Armistice of 1953. With every year that passes the *status quo* is going to be

harder to upset—one has only to look at Kashmir, divided for ten years, to see the truth of that. It is no wonder that Rhee is impatient, increasingly dissatisfied to rely on tough anti-Communist talk, liable to sudden impulsive actions that might severely embarrass the Americans.

We must give Syngman Rhee his due: he is consistent. He does not vacillate like so many contemporary statesmen as he grapples with the problems of the world. He sees them in clear-cut terms—in red and white; and he is too old ever to see them any differently. I met this remarkable man earlier this year when I was in Seoul. I did not realize until then how old he was. Eighty-two years of struggle have gone into the wrinkles of his face; but somehow the photographs of him which appear almost daily in the Korean press manage to conceal both his age and his lack of inches. Only when you see him face to face do you wonder whether this old man—a little uncertain in his movements—is really in control. The stories that he is a “front” for younger men who jockey for power in his shadow gain credence. Rhee in his guarded home or bullet-proof American sedan is out of touch with the common man; he is perpetually surrounded by “experts” and advisers who feed him with a picture of the world that offers no challenge to his long-established prejudices. (He was utterly misled, for example, about the opposition to him in the country during the last Presidential elections.) If Syngman Rhee ever has any doubt that he knows what is best for the Korean people, he never shows it. The policy he professes never wavers.

Korea must be unified and the Communists driven back across the Yalu into China; the present division cannot be tolerated. Korea is emotionally and historically one nation. Not even the long Japanese occupation split the country, and Rhee passionately believes that only a united Korea can survive. South Korea is the granary of the country and, in spite of the three new power plants which have been erected under the aid programmes, she is not suited for industrial expansion in the same way as the north, which is rich in raw materials and hydro-electric power. Economically, neither half of Korea is self-sufficient. Even if both halves were, Rhee believes the Communists will no more accept the *status quo* permanently than he will. Co-existence as a long-term policy is unthinkable, since the Communists will not be content with anything less than the whole of Asia. The only thing that keeps the red hordes at bay to the north of the 38th Parallel is the presence in South Korea of the fourth largest army in the world. But since the North Koreans have spent the months since the Armistice in building up increasingly powerful forces (in defiance of the truce terms), Rhee, too, is seeking to bring in atomic weapons and the latest planes and equipment to match the northern build-up. This is Rhee's policy and passion. Nothing else matters. Everything else is subordinate to planning for the day when his troops can march north and set the Korean flag on the very brink of the Yalu River. And some of us who were in Seoul at the time of the rising in Hungary thought, from the speeches reported in the Korean press and the demonstrations organized in the city, that *der Tag* might have arrived. Passionately Rhee incited the Koreans in the north to throw off the Communist yoke.

In this uneasy decade of the twentieth century such inflexibility of purpose has its dangers. Aggressive talk—if largely ignored by those at whom it is directed—often acts as a safety-valve. In South Korea it is the custom for

everyone making a speech to mention the Communist aggressors at least once. Frequently they have made a convenient scapegoat and have been useful in withdrawing popular attention from troubles nearer home. Nor is there any doubt that many speeches are made for American consumption; for in politics to be silent is to risk being misunderstood. The enormous aid programmes passed through the U.S. Congress more smoothly when the Korean President and his generals were chastising the Communists with angry words. The trouble about Syngman Rhee was that he might very easily try to do what everyone else talked of doing. He might march; for to him the Korean war is still on. In case he did, the U.S. Army cut down the fuel supplies. No modern army can get very far without oil.

The snag about the argument from strength, which is now generally and resignedly accepted throughout the world—namely, that a sufficient build-up of force deters aggression—is that both sides use it and that only war itself can disprove it. On the other hand, those who work for disarmament are motivated—at least in part—by the fear that these enormous quantities of deadly weapons in the hands of not very wise men may provoke the very conflict they are ostensibly intended to avoid. They might well have Korea in mind. So far there is a stalemate. But how long can it last?

At the last election in Korea there were rumours that the Opposition, if they secured power, would begin negotiations with both the Communists and the Japanese to soften the present policies. It is certainly possible that some compromise will be sought when Rhee finally has to make way for younger men. For though Rhee's hostility towards the three great powers who are his closest neighbours—Russia, China and Japan—is understandable, it is far from being realistic as the bedrock on which to erect a foreign policy. There is no future in nursing grievances. Already his prejudice against Japan has cost Korea dearly in economic aid. If more American dollars had been spent in Japan instead of in the dearer markets of the U.S.A. a great deal more capital and consumer goods could have been obtained for the same amount of money. The alternative to some kind of compromise is continued dependence on American aid which is running at the fantastic rate of a thousand million dollars a year—less than a third of which is economic aid. Inevitably, when so much government aid floods into a country, a good deal gets into the wrong hands. There is much misuse; self-reliance is weakened; the waste is appalling. The generals want newer weapons; the builders want more cement; the hospitals want more drugs and equipment (though they haven't the staffs capable of using what they have got properly; and badly-trained Korean doctors will prescribe penicillin for a cold or a pimple); and everyone wants a free vehicle to run around in. Whatever aid is given, more is always demanded. Seoul even has a television station! Of all the lands in Asia, Korea's demonstrators alone cry: "Americans! DON'T go home!" No one who has seen it close to can pretend that this is good for what we call the soul of a country.

A wise Korean doctor said to me one day: "We have yet to learn that Korea can only be independent when we are independent of aid." Rhee knows better. Without the generous practical friendship of the United States Korea cannot survive in its present form. And the Americans—whose policies in Asia have never quite won their way to the hearts of the people—are lucky to have found in Rhee a man who accepts with no reservations their anti-Communist mission. Rhee will never sell the pass; they seem to be

prepared to continue backing his defiance. But they don't want him to march. Many Americans I have talked to are seriously perturbed about the whole business. They feel that either the U.S.A. should have kept out of Korea altogether or crossed the Yalu to finish the war properly.

American generosity has accomplished a great deal for South Korea. Most of the war scars have been covered over; industry has been rehabilitated; schools, houses, hospitals and churches have been built. But among the more articulate Koreans a sense of dissatisfaction remains. Nobody has any money and everyone is in debt. The English-speakers all want to go abroad for as long as possible. And everybody from shoe-shine boy to Ministry chiefs would like a bit more aid than they are getting. Some months ago, Senator Ellender from Louisiana visited Korea and raised a storm in his wake when he described the Koreans as a nation of parasites. This somewhat crude comment may have been an exaggeration; I believe it was not too wide of the mark. We have all been moved by Korea's tragic history and the anguish and upheaval caused by the war. But the fact must be faced that only a country prepared to stay dependent on American aid can maintain a million men under arms and spend half its annual budget on defence. Syngman Rhee is paying a price for his dreams. It no doubt gives him satisfaction to picture himself as the bulwark of anti-Communism in the Far East, and to propose pacts with Chiang Kai-shek and Viet-nam, dedicated to the overthrow of the red dragon. This is a short-term policy that may last his lifetime; the problems it throws up are the legacy he leaves to his successors.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN

BRITISH SHEEPDOGS

ALTHOUGH there is not the slightest doubt that there were sheepdogs of a kind used for guarding the flocks of Old Judea, it is generally accepted that the art of working sheep by using a trained dog is one that originated in Britain. As the result, these islands have always been regarded as the true home of the working sheepdog—the Border Collie—and the annual championship trials of the International Sheepdog Society, which this year take place at Loughborough on September 19, 20, and 21, attract attention from all parts of the world. It may be, of course, that there is a common origin of all the various types of sheepdog, but the Border Collie, which is used in Australasia, South Africa, and North America, as well as its native land, is, both in appearance and mode of employment, vastly different from those kept by the farmer of Uz and his contemporaries of Biblical times. The original function was principally that of guarding the flocks from animal and human marauders, and even today some parts of Europe have breeds, like the Calabrian, or Pyrenean Mountain Dog, of the borders of France and Spain, the Kuvasz of Central Europe, and the Owtcharka, of the USSR, which play a role almost parallel to that of their Eastern ancestors.

In Britain, however, the comparative early extinction of the wolf and other creatures of the ferocious kind caused the shepherd to think of using dogs on modern lines, for so long ago as in the 1570's Dr. Johannes Caius, in his *Treatise on English Dogs*, was able to tell of how the shepherd's dog "either at the hearing of his master's voice, or at the

wagging of his fist, or at his shrill and hoarse whistling and hissing, bringeth the wandering wethers and straying sheep into the self-same place where his master's will and work is to have them, whereby the shepherd reapeth this benefit, namely, that with little labour and no toil or moving of his feet he may rule and guide his flock." The dogs known by Dr. Caius were most probably akin to the Old English sheep dog, the woolly-coated breed so finely portrayed by Gainsborough in some of his paintings, but rarely seen as a working dog today, and, in a book devoted to this breed by Mr. Aubrey Hammond, published in 1908, it is suggested that another ancient strain, the Bearded Collie, has a common origin. The Bearded Collie, which takes its name from a beard under the chin, is far from common to-day, although some are still being used in parts of Scotland, and is perhaps more directly in line with the modern Border Collie, which appears to have been evolved from a number of breeds. Mr. James A. Reid, who, as Secretary of the International Sheepdog Society for many years, did more to stimulate interest in the Border Collie than any other man, claims Scotland as the place of origin and goes on to say: "The collie got into Northern England mainly in the great droving days covering the whole of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth." From this it would seem that many would see the skill of the dogs accompanying the men in charge, and, as a result, dogs, as well as sheep and cattle, were sold.

This, too, was the time when many poets and writers were being stirred by the feats of the shepherd and his dog, and some of the greatest of these literary references are those of James Hogg, the famous "Shepherd of Ettrick" and friend and contemporary of Sir Walter Scott. He it was who, sounding an intensely practical note, told us that: "A single shepherd and his dog will accomplish more in gathering a stock of sheep from a Highland farm than 20 shepherds could without dogs, and it is a fact that without this docile animal the pastoral life would be a blank. Without the shepherd's dog the whole of the open mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth a sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them in from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to market than the profits of a whole stock would be capable of maintaining." Scales of value have altered a great deal since Hogg's time, but his sentiments still hold true, so much so that Mr. James L. Moore, one of Australia's leading breeders and who was largely responsible for the introduction of the present strain into his own country, declared some time ago: "The sheepdog is indispensable; no machine can ever take his place. It would be interesting to work out what he is worth to the wool industry in money value. The roughest guess would have to go into millions!"

Perhaps the most important step forward in the evolution of the modern sheepdog took place in 1893 when a farmer named Telfer, in the Otterburn district of Northumberland, mated a dog named Roy, a dog (as his son informed me) with a very "free" eye and frank expression, with Meg, a shy and somewhat self-conscious bitch, and produced Old Hemp, which is regarded as the foundation sire of the present type of Border Collie. Before that dog died in 1901, he had sired some 200 puppies. In its turn, the progeny, inter-related as it was, was again bred, so that not only did the Border Collie begin to conform to a fixed pattern, but within 40

years hardly a collie in regular use was not descended from that great animal. Hemp set up what might well be called a distinct family within the sheepdog world, and, indeed, there is hardly a pedigree of an International championship winner or even a noted trials' leader in Australia, New Zealand, and the United States of America in late years, which has not its tap-root in either Isaac Herdman's Tommy or Thomas Armstrong's Sweep, both grandsons of Old Hemp. It was, of course, during the days that Old Hemp was alive that the sheepdog trial began to be developed on modern lines. Actually, the sheepdog trial was the idea of a Welsh squire, the late R. J. Lloyd Prince, who promoted the first contest at Bala, North Wales, in 1873. There were ten competitors and the winner was James Thomson, a Scotsman working in Wales and who used a Scottish-bred dog, Tweed. The following year, a similar event took place in nearby Llangollen, and in 1878 the two were combined and since that time have been regularly held at Llangollen, which can thus claim to house the oldest sheepdog trials in the world. The idea spread to other parts of Great Britain, both England and Scotland having trials, at Brynness, in Northumberland, and Carnath respectively, in 1876, and then came the formation of the International Sheepdog Society in 1906 with its objects defined as to "stimulate public interest in the shepherd and his calling and to procure the better management of stock by improving the sheepdog." Since then, this Society has promoted its championship trials every year, with the exception of those in the two world wars, and not only have they developed into one of the most popular events of the British summer, but there is always a big demand from overseas for collies of similar breeding to the winners.

The course for the supreme championship event is, without doubt, the most severe test of both the handler's and the dog's capabilities ever devised. First of all, the collie has to make a run to the left to gather a flock of ten sheep 800 yards away and then bring them down the course for 400 yards, passing through a gap between a pair of hurdles on the way. The flock must be left there, while the collie makes a further run to the right to gather and bring back another ten sheep. The combined flock of 20 is then driven diagonally for 200 yards, passed through a gateway, turned and cross-driven for a further 200 yards, passed through another gateway, turned, and brought back to the shepherd. Five sheep, indicated by pieces of ribbon tied round their necks, have then to be separated from the rest before being driven into a small pen. All this, which involves some three miles of running for the collie, as well as much difficult technical work, has to be accomplished with a time limit of half an hour. There is not the slightest doubt that the collie which wins a trial over such a course is well worthy of its championship status. The International Society has always taken considerable care to ensure that the conditions of its trials approximate, as nearly as possible, those under which the collies perform their tasks on their own sheep runs, with the result that most International champions are every bit as good when working sheep on their own hill-sides as they are on the trials' course. In every way, they uphold the great traditions of British shepherding, whose basic requirements have changed but little since the days of Dr. Caius and whose continuity has been maintained by the blood lines which unite the working collie of today with its ancestors.

SYDNEY MOORHOUSE

THE ISLAND REPUBLICS OF THE CARIBBEAN

The word "Carib" comes from the fierce, cannibalistic race of "Indians" who were in occupation of some of the Lesser Antilles at the time of Columbus. A small number of their descendants still survives as a closed and diminishing community on the island of Dominica, but this once famous race is otherwise virtually extinct. (The Caribs should not be confused with the Arawaks, those childlike people whom Columbus found in the Greater Antilles on his first voyage.) Broadly speaking, the Caribbean area comprises all the islands of the Greater and Lesser Antilles, which together form the so-called West Indies, and the Caribbean coasts of Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and Guatemala. The colony of British Honduras, on the mainland between Guatemala and Mexico, is Caribbean territory, as also, strictly speaking, are parts of the coastline of Mexico. This area includes colonies, republics, parts of republics, and one island—Puerto Rico—which has special status as a more or less autonomous dependency of the United States. The area has given birth to a new Dominion, the British West Indian Federation, which will have its capital on the island of Trinidad. The actual site of the capital is at the time of writing still undetermined, and depends upon negotiations with the United States Government, the matter at issue being the presence of United States bases on certain desirable sites.

Only two of the West Indian Islands are politically independent territories—Cuba and Hispaniola; and Hispaniola comprises two separate republics. There are thus three island republics of the Caribbean: Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic. The attention of the British public is seldom directed to these three small Latin-American nations. Other republics of Latin America are occasionally in the news, owing perhaps to some unusually spectacular revolution; but the President of Haiti was recently forced out of office because he wanted to ensure his own re-election (no unusual desire in Latin America: witness the recent actions of the Colombian military dictator, Rojas Pinilla;) the only mention of the matter which I was able to find in the English press was a brief notice in the *Manchester Guardian*. Yet each Latin American republic has a vote in the United Nations General Assembly, and change of régime in any one of them might have international repercussions. The French Government, incidentally, realized this long ago, and has been conducting a quiet but none the less sedulous diplomatic offensive in each and all of the Latin American capitals.

Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles," one of the most important sugar-producing countries in the world and the source of much fine tobacco, was the last of the present Latin American republics to secure independence. She was liberated from Spain, after decades of unrest and guerilla warfare, as a result of the Spanish-American conflict of 1898. She has been governed for the past twenty years by an ex-sergeant, Fulgencio Batista, who rules either directly or through nominees. On one occasion, not so long ago, the nominee failed to co-operate, and Batista had to have recourse to a revolution in order to oust him. In general, Batista has provided stable rule and has allowed some measure of parliamentary democracy, but recently there has been much trouble and the situation, at the time of writing, is obscure.

In contradistinction to Batista, the dictator of the Dominican Republic, who has been in power since 1930, has ruled with an efficient ruthlessness

which has few parallels in Latin-American history. However, the Dominican Republic has, during the "Trujillo era," been transformed out of all recognition. General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo has brought order, prosperity, and self-respect to one of the worst governed and most miserable of all the Latin-American states; but, as so often happens, these blessings have been counter-balanced by the loss of political liberty, and the Trujillo régime has its dark side. The recent disappearance in New York of a prominent opponent of Trujillo has caused an uproar, the repercussions of which may be more serious for the Dominican dictator than was at first supposed.

Dictatorship and parliamentary democracy have to be judged in Latin America by their fruits rather than by pre-determined ideas on good and evil; and although well-meaning idealists are wont to sneer at "order," it remains true that this, in countries which have seldom if ever known it, is no mean thing. Trujillo's position is a curious one, as he holds the title of "Benefactor of the Fatherland," which means in effect that whether or not he may be actually occupying the presidential chair he is officially acknowledged as the supreme head of the state. Many Latin-American ex-Presidents have continued to rule, from the sidelines, through obedient puppets, but such behaviour has always been unofficial: Trujillo's constitutional elevation to supra-presidential dignity is, so far as I am aware, unique.

Haiti, which shares with the Dominican Republic the island generally known as Hispaniola, has two thirds of the population of the island but only one third of its acreage. This negro republic, which came into being in 1804—earlier than any other Latin-American republic—has had more than its share of battle, murder, and sudden death. The French colony of Saint-Domingue was first recognized by the Spaniards as French-occupied territory at the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697, and it acquired the Spanish portion of the island (now the Dominican Republic) at the Treaty of Basle in 1795, just before the advent of Napoleon. At that time Saint-Domingue contained some five hundred thousand negro slaves, who worked the sugar plantations for the benefit of about thirty thousand white slave-owners. The slaves rose in revolt under Toussaint L'Ouverture (on whom Wordsworth wrote a stirring sonnet) and massacred the French planters; but Toussaint was captured and sent to die in a French prison by an expedition under Napoleon's brother-in-law, General Leclerc. The French, however, were finally forced to evacuate the island, and Dessalines became the first President of independent Haiti on January 1, 1804. A later President, Boyer, imposed Haitian rule on the Dominican section of the island, but the Dominicans drove out the detested Haitians, after twenty-two years of ignominy. It is from February 27, 1844, that the Dominican Republic dates its independence, which was thus finally gained not from Spain but from the neighbouring Republic of Haiti.

These three island republics of the Caribbean live according to the "colonial" pattern of economy, that is to say, they export primary products and import consumer goods. Cuba, as has already been mentioned, produces a high percentage of the world's sugar, and her prosperity depends upon the price of that commodity in the international market. About one half of Cuba's sugar plantations are owned by United States interests. Tobacco is an important secondary product. The Dominican Republic also exports sugar, while the chief products of Haiti are coffee and sisal. The United Kingdom absorbs some of the Dominican sugar output and imports some

Cuban tobacco, but the United States is, in general, responsible for about seventy-five per cent of the exports of the three republics, and supplies them with an even higher percentage of their imports.

All three republics live under the wing of the United States: all three have experienced military occupation by that country. Their relations with the United States are part of the general question of U.S.-Latin American relations into which I have no time to enter; but it must, I think, be emphasised that the Ariel-Caliban thesis propounded early in the twentieth century by the great Uruguayan writer, Rodó, is thoroughly misleading and, indeed, discredited. The Latin Americans cannot properly be regarded as children of light, while the United States, like Caliban, represent the dark and brutal forces of materialism. The Latin Americans are charming folk, but they are no more idealistic nor spiritual than the "Norteamericanos": they are merely much less efficient, as indeed are most Europeans.

The internal history of the Dominican Republic since independence was a sorry record of constant revolution verging on utter chaos until Trujillo pulled the country together. Haiti has known some stability since the American intervention in 1915, and lately there has been efficient government under Colonel Magloire (who was recently unseated), but throughout the nineteenth century no country in all Latin America, not even Bolivia or Ecuador, was more chaotic. As for Cuba, the Americans gave her a good start in 1898, but her politics have not given much cause for pride since then, though the hegemony of Batista has brought certain benefits.

Havana, Ciudad Trujillo, Port-au-Prince: these three attractive capital cities cater for tens of thousands of American tourists every year, but are forbidden ground to tourists from the United Kingdom by virtue of their inclusion in the dollar area. All three countries have much picturesque tropical scenery to offer, and dozens of the most modern hotels have sprung up like mushrooms in recent years. The old capital of Santo Domingo, which changed its name to Trujillo City in honour of the "Benefactor of the Fatherland," was the first permanent European settlement in the New World, and the bones of Christopher Columbus are supposed to lie in its cathedral. I hope that travel to the non-British areas of the Caribbean may one day become easier for residents of the United Kingdom; and finally I trust that no reader of this article, should he or she by any chance have tended to confuse the Dominican Republic with the British West Indian island of Dominica, will ever do so again. The Dominicans are understandably sensitive on this point (like the inhabitants of the Central American Republic of Honduras, who do not relish confusion of their proud little land with that "Cinderella of British colonies," British Honduras).

PETER SEDGWICK

CAVE PAINTINGS IN SOUTH AFRICA

OF Southern Africa's many races none are perhaps more interesting than the fast disappearing Bushmen. Though decidedly of negro origin, vast differences exist between this Liliputian race of nomads and the other peoples occupying the African continent below the Zambesi River. These midgets, of an average height of only fifty-five inches and a tawny skin, much the same as that of the Chinese, were at one time widely

distributed throughout Africa. Today pure Bushmen are rare and are only encountered in the North-Western Cape Province, in the Western Transvaal, along the eastern border of South-West Africa, in Bechuanaland and Southern Rhodesia. Like all races they have their own customs, beliefs, superstitions and rites. Volumes have been filled about their strange language, their eating habits, and their bows and arrows with which surviving members hunt to this day. That their race is practically extinct now is their own fault as much as anyone else's. They have always been fond of raiding cattle of neighbouring tribes and were in consequence ruthlessly exterminated by them. What persecution at the hands of other people had not accomplished was slowly but surely achieved by disease and racial intermixture with Hottentot and Bantu neighbours.

One of the interesting aspects of this rapidly vanishing race are their numerous and widely distributed rock paintings, often referred to as "Bushman paintings." By no means all the paintings so far discovered are of Bushman origin. In Rhodesia, in the Matopos Hills, are rock paintings which can definitely be attributed to Middle Stone Age people. Main attraction of the Matopos at the time of these primitives were undoubtedly the number of caves and natural shelters afforded by the granite rocks. The caves are generally apical in form and are the result of a natural process known as negative sphaeroidal erosion, and the shelters, which are much more numerous, are formed by overhanging rocks which are found at the base of most of the hills from which they have originally fallen. Most of these contain, or once contained, paintings, some of which are wonderfully preserved. Of these the earliest were painted by the Middle Stone Age people, and they can generally be recognized as discoloured patches of definite form from which the pigment has exfoliated, or from their having been painted in yellow ochre, which appears to have been the earliest pigment used. At a later date the claret-coloured silhouettes of men and animals were painted by the same people, while to their descendants, the Bushmen, the latest paintings in chocolate and the beautiful figures in polychrome can confidently be ascribed.

Almost all the paintings so far discovered in South-West Africa, in Rhodesia, Basutoland, and the Union of South Africa, depict simple domestic, religious and hunting scenes, though on occasions war-like operations have been illustrated. Though many of the paintings are hundreds and thousands of years old, there are some comparatively recent ones. In the Southern Orange Free State, one of the Union of South Africa's four provinces, a rock painting was discovered some years ago depicting a European couple wearing nineteenth-century dress. The rock on which the well-defined couple are executed by a primitive artist is today preserved in the Africana Museum of Johannesburg. In a cave in Basutoland a cattle raid, in which Bushmen have always indulged to their own detriment, and a subsequent fight with the cattle owners, are beautifully illustrated. The colours on this as on all other paintings have been rendered fast by the addition of grease, resin or gum. Charcoal, pipe clay and the different ochres were used, and little iron nodules have been found which are known as Bushmen paintpots. These are of round shape and occasionally still have colouring matter in them. The exact method of colour mixing has never been discovered, but they are very durable, whatever the mixture was. In the Orange Free State there is a big rock with some patches of red colour,

from their shape once the well-defined outlines of elands, largest of South Africa's many types of antelopes. Water washes over this stone whenever it rains and was first discovered 100 years ago. Even today the red patches are still discernible and it may well be that this particular work of art is centuries old.

Today the knowledge and practice of painting has completely disappeared from the Bushmen who still remain. Engaged in a vain and hopeless struggle for survival, all interest in art has, understandably enough, disappeared. Though their art can now be presumed to be dead Bushmen recognize paintings shown to them immediately, and have on many occasions explained their sometimes obscure meaning. They brighten up immediately on such occasions and refer to these pictures as "Those of their nation." Landscapes have never been attempted by these nomads but animals are found on most of them. These range from gnus and springbuck to lions, leopards, wild boars and rabbits. Domestic animals such as cows, sheep and dogs are quite common and were introduced by invading races. Snakes, frogs, tortoises, are well represented though pictures of birds are rare except for the ostrich and the crane. Vivid imagination is displayed by some of the artists, one of the many paintings discovered showing a Bushman dressed up as an ostrich stalking a flight of these big ungainly birds. The apprehensive gesture of the ostriches is excellently given, while the Bushman's spindly legs protruding from under the borrowed plumes add humour to the scene as a whole.

Some years ago one of the world's best known archæologists, the Abbé Breuil, came to South Africa to make a six-year study of South Africa's wealth of rock paintings. It was he who made famous a piece of Bushman artistry which has become known as the "White Lady of the Brandberg." Discovered by accident during the First World War it was photographed, mainly because of its inaccessibility, only some twenty years later. Situated in Damaraland, South-West Africa, the Abbé Breuil and his party ventured there through difficult country in 1947. The name "White Lady of the Brandberg" is actually a misnomer. It is not the mere picture of a white woman but a complete wall frieze executed centuries ago by some unknown craftsman of great skill. The lady is $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height. She is striding forward carrying in one hand a bow and arrow, in the other what may well be an ostrich-egg cup. In front of her and behind her walk men of various races. Animals, too, are in this magnificently depicted procession, some of them with four horns and human legs, while some of the antelopes have only the hind legs of human beings. Several features of the paintings point to the fact that not all of it was executed at one and the same time. It is generally regarded as a religious work, though no one can, unfortunately, be quite sure.

In Basutoland again a rock painting found in a rock shelter illustrates a Bushman folk tale. Children are seen being chased by a mantis which has assumed the appearance of a dead gnu. The gnu lies on the floor, dismembered, the pieces being picked up by children in order to carry them home. The parts begin to move, the head begins to speak and is rapidly dropped together with the other parts by the now terrified children. The parts miraculously combine to form a whole again—this time the true shape of the mantis. The artist has well illustrated the terror of the little ones. They cling to one another but somehow manage to escape the ogre. High

up on the wall of one cave are depicted a number of men with bleeding noses. The artist, whoever he was, most likely stood on the shoulders of one of his fellows while painting it. That he did his work in an unusual position explains possibly the roughness of this particular piece of Bushman art. Experts are not quite clear why the figures' noses are bleeding. There is a Bushman dance called the blood dance because those that take part in it bleed from the nostrils. The men of the painting appear to be marching rather than dancing, however.

Many of the caves in South Africa and Rhodesia have been declared national monuments and in some cases have been fenced off in order to prevent vandalism in those irreplaceable galleries of prehistoric art. Some of the caves encountered all over Southern Africa are of enormous size and great depth. Pictures found in them were made by artificial light, and it is quite miraculous to see works of very high standard and showing great skill and powers of observation executed under, to say the least, difficult circumstances. Those of the few Bushmen who still exist today live, as one ethnological expert put it, "very much the same way as our ancestors lived thousands of years ago." They are probably, without being aware of it, the last of the really free people of the world. The passing of these nomads and their now lost art will bring to conclusion another illustrious chapter in the natural history of Africa.

PETER HOLZ

Johannesburg.

CORNISH JUSTICE

CORNWALL being more than 300 miles, at its furthest point, from governmental headquarters at London, it is not surprising to find that in days gone by, Cornish justice was very much a local affair. Not only was Cornwall itself regarded as being isolated from the rest of Britain; various localities within Cornwall were themselves looked on as distant and isolated. Thus for centuries local justice, like local government, was administered town by town, area by area. Richard Carew, in his sixteenth century Survey of Cornwall, records that it was the custom for the mayor and recorder of a town to be the local justices of the peace. Carew added the ironic comment: "a garment (in divers men's opinion) overrich and wide for many of their wearish and ill-disposed bodies." Local justice was administered by a variety of local officials, with names like Market House Wardens, Wardens for the Coffer, Wardens for the Poor, and even such strange ones as Kings and Queens of the Summer Games. One of the elementary aims of local laws was to make sure that local industries prospered—hence the St. Ives ruling of 1603 that "no person shall buy or sell again any barrel of Bristowe beer, or any other beer, on pain of forfeiture, considering that our own beer and ale made within our town is by common experience found as good and healthful to men's bodies." Looking back further, we find evidence that the great lords of the manor were inclined to have their own ways in matters of law. Thus, in the Pleas of the Crown, 12. Edward I, the Lords of the Scilly Isles claimed the right to execute judgment upon felons by carrying the culprit to a certain rock in the sea, and there "with the two barley loaves and a pitcher-full of water, to leave him until he was drowned by the flowing of the sea." Even much later, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was recorded that the "spiritual court" of

the Scilly Isles was the ducking chair at the quayhead, into which offenders in language or morality were put by order of a Court of Twelve, receiving their purification in salt or holy water. At this time, too, punishments in the Scilly Isles were fines, whipping or ducking—there was no imprisonment, since the confinements of the islands themselves constituted a form of imprisonment.

Whatever may have been the state of affairs on the Scilly Isles, it appears that lawlessness was prevalent in Cornwall in the fifteenth and sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Since some 160 criminal actions were punishable by hanging, many of them quite trivial, one can only suppose that people led such hard lives that they were willing to risk death, to satisfy their needs. Thus, in a report of the Cornwall Summer Assizes for 1808, we find that a man from Llansallos was sentenced to death for stealing a watch; another man received the same sentence for stealing two oxen, while another was sent for seven years' transportation, for stealing clothes from a stage-coach. About the same time, or a little earlier, James Nield, a contemporary writer, visited several Cornish jails, which were, one gathers, not in the best of condition. He notes a visit to the old Stannary jail at Lostwithiel, where many men were imprisoned as debtors (mostly in connexion with adventures in tin mining). A rich prisoner would have had the privilege of buying the freedom of the borough—i.e., he could have moved at will around Lostwithiel. But the debtors, of course, were not in a position to do this, and were strictly confined. No allowance of food was granted them, and according to Nield, their only hope of food was by begging from an iron-grated window next to the street. Launceston town jail was Cornwall's major, and apparently most horrible prison. It was at Launceston that the assizes were then held, for the very good reason among others that the Judges of the Western Circuit preferred to enter Cornwall as little as possible, and as Launceston stood on the borders of Devon and Cornwall, that made a very suitable venue. Nield records that when he asked the keeper when the prison had been whitewashed and cleaned, he replied that he had frequently applied to the mayor to have it done, but the answer had always been "the blacker the better; it has more the appearance of a jail."

Conditions were filthy. There was no water, no privy, and no courtyard for exercise. In some rooms the doors were only four feet high and fifteen inches wide. In others light came only from an aperture measuring three feet by nine inches, and that light was almost obscured by an iron bar. Straw was scattered about the floor, but there was no fireplace and no fuel allowed. Another writer of that time described a visit to Bodmin jail, where women prisoners were herded together "cheek by jowl" in one room. Although in this particular prison there was a sense of prisoners being given useful work—spinning and weaving and making rugs, or gardening—there was little system, and the most hardened criminals were thrown in with people who had committed only a trifling misdemeanour. There were many records of what we would now regard as intolerable sentences—such as the farmer's wife given seven years' transportation for a single act of shop-lifting (although, too, she was pregnant), and the hanging of a servant girl who set fire to a hayrick.

Apart from crime, litigation seems to have been a popular pastime of the Cornish for many centuries. One of the causes of this was the complicated way in which tin mines were often divided up among different people. One

man might have a thirty-second of a share, and then pass this on to someone else, and so on. The fact that so many other trades became involved with mining (i.e., suppliers of rope, candles, powder, iron, timber, salt, flax, hemp, etc.) merely made the law suits even more complicated. Dr. William Borlase, in his *Natural History of Cornwall*, records another reason of litigiousness in Cornwall. It was, namely: "That we have as many sorts of law courts here as in any part of England. Besides the Courts of Assize and Ecclesiastical Courts, there is the Lord Warden's Court, from which there is a further appeal to the Duke of Cornwall in Council; the Vice-Warden's Court held every month, and the Stannary Courts, held every three weeks for tin causes. Here also are Court Leets of the Duke of Cornwall and other Lords of Manors for debt and disputes relating to property. By means of all these there is too open and easy access to law contentions for the advantage of private families. Litigiousness is, therefore, partly the fault of the inhabitants and in part the result of their policy and that multifarious trade to which their mining and fishing unavoidably exposes them, whereas in counties where husbandry is the chief or sole employment, business is in fewer hands, bargain plain and easily adjusted and the gains not so great as to prompt those of a middle rank immediately to go to law."

Many of the less important court cases arose after the various Feast Days and other celebrations which have always been a great feature of Cornish life. There is an amusing story told that illustrates the rivalry between Cornish towns and the extent to which it can reach. Following a fight between Camborne and Redruth men, one of the Camborne men, Christopher Penpol, was up before the local Camborne magistrates. When he explained that the Redruth men had been going around saying that there were bigger shops and more shops in Redruth than in Camborne, the magistrates retired for half an hour, then announced that they not only found Christopher Penpol *not* guilty, but they were agreed that there were more pawnshops in Redruth than in Camborne! Furthermore, added the magistrates, "Christopher Penpol, you can go, and you have the good wishes of the magistrates." Drink was, naturally, the cause of a good deal of the crime in Cornwall in those wild old days. With spirits so cheap, and many homes running their own stills, it is not to be wondered at that the police were kept busy with drunken cases. It is recorded that at the turn of the eighteenth century Bodmin possessed no fewer than 29 public houses and beershops, while Penzance, at the other end of the county, boasts of 29 public houses and 37 beershops.

Smuggling was responsible for bringing in much of the drink, and while there is no space here to go into the fascinating records of the Cornish smugglers, it is worth noting that many of these rascals managed to flout the law continually. Some of the smugglers, like the notorious John Carter, King of Prussia Cove, were so powerful that they literally made their own laws (John Carter's brother, Henry, another prominent smuggler, used to fine his men if he heard them swearing.) The unfortunate customs men could seldom bring a case to court for want of evidence. There was a rare case in 1770 when four Penzance smugglers, headed by one with the name of Melchisidek Kinsman, murdered a customs officer at Porthleven. For a year or so the men evaded capture and offered bribes to the chief prosecution witness. He, good man, to his credit, refused the bribe, and finally the

men gave themselves up for trial. This seemed rather surprising, but as the penance Collector of that time recorded in his report to London, the men were tried by an all-Cornish jury. And that meant a lot, for although "everyone was shocked and amazed" the men were acquitted. The Collector adds bitterly: "Everyone knows the jury were bribed: immediately after the case three of them disappeared and one was seen in a public house drinking with Kinsman's friends." Referring to another case of smuggling, Mr. Edward Giddy wrote in March, 1778, "I fear a criminal prosecution would be useless at best for a reason which it shocks me to mention, that a Cornish jury would certainly acquit the smugglers."

Those days are gone, of course, and a Cornish jury is as trustworthy as any other in the cause of law and order. Public service has grown into a great tradition in Cornwall, and many of the county's leading citizens are among her justices of the peace. What is more, the Judge of the Cornwall County Circuit for more years than anyone can remember, until his retirement recently, was himself a Cornishman—Judge Scobell Armstrong. Today it seems a long time from the days when Cornwall's all powerful lords held their own courts: there was one gentleman who even maintained a private prison in Penzance for the incarceration of those who had earned his displeasure. Perhaps time has not altered so very much the truth of the old saying, "A Cornishman will try the law, for the wagging of a straw." But at least justice is accepted and welcomed in Cornwall as much as elsewhere for the civilizing influence it has been.

DENYS VAL BAKER.

OUR DEBT TO THE HILLS

ARE the hills of Britain a source of economic weakness or strength to the national economy? Uplands, hill and mountain grazings cover one third of our total agricultural land. Here the soil is poorer—often shallow, marshy or rocky, and usually acid—the rainfall higher and the furrow steeper than on the plains of the south and east. Greater efforts are needed by hill farmers to win a smaller return than that from the fat lands under corn and roots.

The Hill Farming Act, which provides public money for half the improvement of buildings and roads, drainage, rock removal, fertilizers, reseeding of pastures, electricity and other costly work, has been renewed for five years. To be eligible for the grants the farm must be more suitable for livestock rearing than for fattening, milk or crops. A subsidy is paid for cattle of hardy type grazed on the hill. Inevitably the urban majority of taxpayers asks insistently whether the large but varying annual bill for all this is worth while. Why not put our money into the lowlands and write off the hills? How much do they contribute to the national larder in return for the public aid they receive?

Careful inquiry has revealed that the value of the output from our hill farms, occupied by 40,000 farmers, is about four per cent of the total output from all British farms in terms of cash. These farmers receive rather less per unit of production, and much less per head, in subsidy than lowland farmers. They breed between one third and one half of all our home-killed mutton and lamb. Were it not for our hill flocks the sheep population of the country must be halved. The contribution of cattle from the hills is

much less impressive, being only about ten per cent of home-killed beef. Lowland graziers and butchers would probably be able to find alternative sources of supply if cattle ceased to walk our hills. On the other hand if the hill pastures could be made to carry more cattle they would improve the grass still further, both for themselves and existing sheep flocks, and they might provide a really important addition to our national beef supply. There has recently been a revival of interest in calves and store cattle from Wales. At the first of what is hoped will be fortnightly sales at Rugby, in early March, 15 truck loads of Welsh stores found ready buyers among Midland graziers.

Rocks are stubborn obstacles to better pasture, but bracken and rushes are more insidious enemies, having the persistence of life itself. In order to see how a better living can be wrested from a soil so encumbered I travelled up into the moors of Central Wales on Midsummer Day and took a lane leading from a new grey stone school up a narrowing valley, with a rushy marsh on the right and crags closing in on the left. Here ragged-looking sheep, evidently crosses of the Welsh Mountain breed with Wiltshire Horn, were leaving their fleeces behind them on thorn and bracken.

A smart car drew up and the farmer's wife and daughter offered to drive me to the homestead, hidden above among the rocks and trees. They had been doing the weekly shopping in the market town. Later, when his wife and daughter were milking his Welsh Blacks, the farmer told me how in the last 30 years he had drained, ploughed and reseeded with good Aberystwyth grass 150 acres of mountain and marsh, so that he can now grow oats on land which never before saw the plough. His bulls carry off the prizes at the Menai shows; his cows give high quality milk; and his lambs are fat earlier, especially those with Wiltshire Horn blood. He showed me a pasture from which he said he had blasted out 800 tons of rock, Sleek black heifers in calf were now grazing there. When I remarked on the gloss of their coats a Ministry adviser who was with us pointed to the rich clovery sward and told me how much lime, potash and superphosphate had gone into it after reclamation.

This farmer was not the only one of his kind. He led me over some rocks as big as house roofs across the moorland Roman road to where we could see under a far mountainside rows of white dots, bags of lime, near which on a green patch, reseeded the year before, were a cluster of other white dots—Welsh Mountain sheep enjoying the lush new grass. "Before that was resown you couldn't see one sheep an acre there," I was told. After nine o'clock that night I saw across the twilight valley the farmer's son still cutting tall young grass for the silage pit. The hills are no breeding ground for the work-shy. Yet in winter the boy and his sister enjoyed a dance in the village hall and the meetings of the Young Farmers Club.

In early spring I returned to the hills, travelling over Morecambe Sands past Furness Abbey and up the estuary of the Duddon into the Cumberland fells between Duddon and Esk. Here old ways survive, though adaptation to modern conditions is not despised. The newish church at Broughton is entered through a Norman arch still bearing scratches made by bowmen to sharpen their arrow heads.

The first farmer I called on lived three quarters of a mile above the road. A sound, tarred surface—gradient about one in four—had just been laid over the stony track as part of a general improvement scheme. I was just in

time to see a lorry load of grit tipped into the farmyard itself, where the farmer was cheerfully carrying muck from the byres. His predecessor had been overcome by heartbreak conditions and had taken the quickest way out. The farmer drove me in a long-suffering jeep up a rock-strewn lane, scattering his gamecocks and Muscovy ducks to right and left, to the high moor where he had burnt the heather from 60 acres to plough, fertilize, lime and resow. The difference between the old moor, grey with bent grass, and the newly sown and fenced portions, was clear even on a rain-dimmed morning. The flock, mostly Dalesbred, were skipping over the stone walls in search of the best grass. The farmer said he found it cheaper to give his young ewes hay at home than to outwinter them in the valley. Back at the farm he showed me his new concrete sheep dip, his rebuilt pig styes containing enormous Wessex Saddleback sows and porkers by a Landrace boar, his old stone and timber byres and cowsheds, now electrically lit but too low-roofed, he admitted. Milk has to be taken down to the road. Over a hundred of cattle are kept. The calves, mostly Galloway-Shorthorn crosses, are suckled their first summer and are out every possible day the first winter. They spend the second winter out and are sold during their third summer. When I remarked that he must find his hands full with only one son, just leaving school to help, the farmer replied simply: "We work long days." He had no complaints, except the cutting off of the hill sheep subsidy. The new farm prices had not been announced.

A long drive over the moors brought me to another farm lying at 900 feet in the hollow of the hills. A dozen sturdy Hereford bullocks were being led out to pasture. They were two years old and will fatten on grass this summer.

This farmer said he liked Herefords for their thick skins and quiet temper. His holding had an air of order and well being, but he had three grown sons, two of them skilled electricians. They had installed a turbine-driven plant which not only lit the dwelling rooms and buildings, but drove the washing machine and television set. However the chief secret of this farmer's relative prosperity was, he acknowledged, the possession of lower ground, where he could winter his stock. He had cleared and reseeded 150 acres of this valley land, cutting the bracken twice a year for the first three years. If he grazed his Herdwick wethers down there their first winter they fetched as much as £8. We saw the rams inside a walled field near the farm. The ewes were out of sight high up on the fell. They were being given hay, as this farmer was a strong believer in such help before lambing for mountain sheep. He gave some cake to the calves at weaning and made silage for older stock. Over the hills again in the valley of the Esk I found large scale reclamation in progress. Pigs had been used to root out bracken, but lupin crops had been found more effective. Lupins were said to bring up trace elements into the top soil besides fixing nitrogen from the air. Grass and clover grew well afterwards and the lupin crop was silaged. Rape, turnips and kale were grown. Here, on the hill, I saw barns full of Galloway calves and outside flocks of Herdwicks, crossed with Swaledales. Beside the main road was a big grass drying plant, making cubes and grass meal for various kinds of stock. Recrossing the hills over Birker Fell into the upper valley of the Duddon I visited a farm perched on a knoll of rock, surrounded by hanging woods and crags, some of which seemed to be coming up through the floor and in at the window. Here the only crop was hay, not tripoded or dried but baled between the showers. None but pure-bred Herdwick

ewes and prize-winning rams were countenanced. Shorthorns were favoured for milk and beef. Without the hill sheep subsidy the flock may have to be reduced, for the charge for outwintering swallows up the wool cheque. I wondered how interest was sustained during the winter months, but was told that every farmer's wife and daughter can drive the car and if good at whist can win a useful amount for charities. "We make our own interests" it was explained.

Labour is not attracted to such conditions. The farmer told me his son works 18 hours a day sometimes at lambing. Husbandry which involves such hours may not be economic, but it represents a way of life which perhaps provides a certain reservoir of grit for human, as it certainly does for animal, sinews of the lowlands.

ANTHONY DELL

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE

SOME Australian natives pointed a bone at a fellow tribesman's hut, and completed its magical efficacy by singing over it. The victim lay on his couch in abject terror—he *knew* that the magical weapon was pointed at him. Reasoning, cajolery and ridicule by Spencer and Gillen, who report the episode, were futile—in 24 hours the man was dead. Similar kills among primitive races have been recorded. Rivers, for instance, notes that the victim may die in two days if he *knows* he is magically menaced. The magic did kill these victims. It seemed reasonable to their fellows that the magic itself, probably regarded as a lethal emanation, killed them. Rivers attributes the lethal efficacy to *suggestion*. This seems reasonable to his compeers who now recognise in suggestion a modern equivalent of the discredited magical efficacy. The diffused sense of what seems reasonable roughly describes the common sense of a community. The change from magical efficacy to suggestion illustrates a dictum of Coleridge.¹ "The common sense of a people is the moveable *index* of its average judgment and information."

A spherical earth, in the middle of the universe, cannot be rotating. If it did then clouds and flying or thrown things would always be seen to move westward as the rapidly rotating earth leaves them behind. So, about 150 A.D., Ptolemy argued. If the earth carried the air round with it, solid bodies would appear to stay behind. If the solids were stuck in the air, they would seem never to move, even when thrown. So Ptolemy refuses to flout the common sense which can still sympathise with him. The wayfarer, as he pauses in a forest, still finds it momentarily incredible that the earth is whirling himself and the standing trees rapidly round. Common sense, however, has finally succumbed to science. This instance, and the deposition of magical efficacy by suggestion conform to Coleridge's dictum about "true common sense." This "is composed of the *results* of scientific meditation, observation, and experiment." Science has constantly imposed its results on common sense. Coleridge² adds a qualification to his dictum, "as far as they are *generally* intelligible." Coleridge writes of "science": thought in general, or philosophy, has often affronted common sense. Dr. Thomas Reid, writing during the eighteenth century after his birth in 1710, notes a sharp affront. Descartes, he notes, at one stage, believed in the existence of himself and his ideas, but was uncertain of all else. Some of his disciples, reports ran, followed him to this stage and stopped there. Descartes had assumed, Reid

explains, "that he did not perceive external objects themselves, but certain images of them in his own mind, called *ideas*." This brought the dallying disciples into their reputedly "forlorn state of *egoism*"—each believing essentially in his own existence. The modern name for Reid's Egoists is Solipsists. Though they did not credit the existence of external objects, they did believe in their own existence, and possibly, Reid adds, in the being of Deity, as Descartes finally did. Hume wiped out even this remnant in their scepticism. Reid avers, for his system "did not even leave him a *self*."³

History repeats itself in an enormous number of various fundamental situations. The fundamental conflict between common sense and advancing thought over a rotating earth ended in discomfiture of the former. Reid tried to reverse the verdict when the fundamental conflict occurred between common sense and the Egoists. Common sense, Reid avers, cannot decide, for instance, whether heat is an "element diffused through nature" or a "certain vibration of the parts of the heated body." Such questions must be settled by "philosophy." The "gift of heaven," as Reid calls common sense, however, can refute better than it can confirm. It is "indeed the first-born of Reason," for it judges the self-evident from which reason draws its conclusions to be so. Thus common sense is the first "office" or "degree" of reason whose second office or degree is to conclude from the self-evident to that which is not. If any conclusion "contradicts the decisions of common sense," then, though common sense may be unable to expose the error in the reasoning, it can, by confronting the result with one of its self-evident truths, show the argument to be erroneous. Such common sense is *common* to all men with whom business can be transacted or can be held to account for their conduct. A Judge or Jury can usually determine, by "a short conversation" with anyone whether that person "has this natural gift or not." This natural gift includes the self-evident principles on which all knowledge and science are based, for common sense, when it conceives them distinctly, is competent to judge them. The nature of common sense seems to Reid to be as self-evident as the principles it judges competently. The term, common sense, seems to him to be "as unambiguous" and "as well understood as the county of York."⁴

Science tutors common sense on the nature of heat: here Reid concedes, prospectively, to Coleridge. He also affirms a hard core of common sense certainty that checks the vagaries of presumptuous reason. The physical object, however, though undeposed by the Egoists, is still a notorious trouble, and modern Philosophy includes another attempt to apply the common sense check. Professor H. H. Price notes a "widespread tendency to return to common sense" in his contribution to *Contemporary British Philosophy*, Ed. H. D. Lewis, Pp. 391-400. The Egoists regarded the belief in external physical objects as illusory throughout; Price discusses *The Argument from Illusion* against their reality.

A straight stick plunged obliquely into water contained in a glass vessel looks bent. Since the bending is known to be illusory there is no delusion. When a distant house looks only big enough to contain rabbits the illusion does not usually delude. Common sense, indeed, might agree that the house ought to look smaller from afar than from two yards. If any object kept one apparent size at all distances the walker might be puzzled about the length of his travel to a distant inn. Though the church spire looks smaller on the horizon than from nearby the perspectival illusion does not delude the visitor into believing that the spire changes its size. Common sense can admit that

the spire ought to look smaller as the traveller walks away from it, and bigger as he nears it. Price argues that the "field of view size," though not the "physical size," "really does vary" with distance. By this and other analyses Price tries to rescue common sense from the illusions and distortions allegedly present in "perspectival variations." The "angular magnitude" of a matchbox close before the eye, for instance, may actually equal the angle subtended by the distant spire. Thus the "phenomena of perspective" are not illusions, and common sense need not surrender its Realism—its conviction that physical objects are what it believes them to be. Thus philosophy, on the perspectival level, defers to common sense. Locke's "doctrine of Secondary Qualities," however, Price adds, involves all perception in at least partial illusion. This applies to vision. If solids or liquids only appear to have sharply defined boundaries because the acuity of human senses is limited, as some think, touch, as well as vision, is partially illusory. Thus modern philosophy can only hope to keep as close to the "assumptions of common sense" as "the complexity of the facts permits." This seems to concede more to Coleridge than to Reid.

Common sense is being hardly pressed to concede an illusory spread through its experience of physical objects. It can consent to lodge the pain of the knife-thrust in the knifed victim, and perhaps the warmth of the bed in the occupant. A vibrating bell sends pulses of air to the ear of the bystander. These pulses act on the brain via aural mechanism and auditory nerves to produce sensations of sound. Thus the hoot of the owl, the song of the nightingale, the clap of thunder, and all other sounds, nice or nasty, on this interpretation, disappear from the physical world to lodge in the consciousness of the auditors. The scent of the rose, or of camphor, and other odours, pleasant or unpleasant, seem, analogously, to be produced in the percipient by disseminated particles or, as in the disgusting instance of hydrogen sulphide, by gaseous effluvia. Sound seems to be a convincing instance of lodging apparent qualities of the physical world in the experiences, for the air pulses can be traced, and under properly contrived conditions a bell in a vacuum does not sound. Common sense might reluctantly consent to a soundless physical world; it less easily surrenders a colourless one. Science, however, by substituting electromagnetic waves, as from the red of a rose, for aerial pulses, hustles the colours after the sounds out of the world into the percipient via eye, optic nerve and brain.

Common sense relies finally on touches and resistances by external objects to be assured that they are actually out there. It may have to admit that it illusorily invests the objects with tastes, scents, sounds and even colours. Recognised illusion does not delude, and common sense can also take comfort from science to soothe its discomfiture. Science is now usually committed to presuming that certain events happen *as if*, for instance, electrons operate. The parallel is not complete between hypothetical agents, such as electrons, and sensations, such as colours, but it may help common sense to admit that, though external objects can actually touch or resist the hand, they present themselves *as if* they are tasteful, odorous, sonant and coloured. If this is the ultimate consequence of the modern return to common sense, the shade of Coleridge may note a very marked imposition on it of notions derived from science and philosophy. Attempts have been and are being made to shirk the acceptance of widespread illusion in daily experience of the external world. After prolonged persuasion common sense did accept the rotation of an apparently still earth; it may be much more

stubborn when the purple of the mountain is affirmed to be illusorily in the landscape.

J. C. GREGORY

¹ Aids to Reflection, Aphorisms on Spiritual Religion, Aph.X.

² Ibid.

³ Essays on the Intellectual Powers. Ess. II, Chs. VIII, X, XII.

⁴ Inquiry into the Human Mind. Ch. V, Sect. I.

⁵ Essays on the Intellectual Powers. Ess. VI, Ch. II.

SPLIT IN DALMATIA

SPLIT, the capital of Dalmatia, lies half way down the Adriatic coast of Yugoslavia. It must be the only city in Europe where most of the inhabitants live inside the crumbling walls of a palace which is some sixteen hundred years old and which was built by one of the very few dictators who retired of his own free will. To get there the best way is to leave Rijeka, the old port of Fiume at the head of the Adriatic shortly after dawn. It takes some fifteen hours in one of the small overcrowded ships of the Jadranska line which steam south through the islands of the Dalmatian coast. Then Split: the bleak white mountains of Dalmatia behind the city, hemmed in by the porpoise-like islands of the Adriatic, Brac, Korcula, Hvar, lazy and beautiful beyond all belief. Diocletian picked his spot well. He was born only a few miles from here, the son of an Illyrian peasant. Rapid promotion in the imperial army soon made him emperor but 20 years of dictatorial rule at Rome did not make the emperor love either his empire or the west. So in 303 AD when the palace he was building at Aspalato was completed he suddenly abdicated, quit it all, and returned to his beloved Dalmatia to grow his cabbages in peace. But the ex-emperor wanted an elaborate palace for his last years and a mausoleum to contain his ashes when he was dead. And as the empire was cracking and in decay Diocletian also needed a fortress. He built both. A great squat fortress which still covers more than 10 acres within its square walls contained a palace of oriental splendour. The eastern wall jutted sheer out of the sea for some 70 ft. and was pierced by only one minute gate. Two heavy square towers were built at each end and a gallery ran the 700 ft. between them. Here in the evenings the old and suspicious emperor used to walk and, probably without much regret, looked out over the sea to Rome and Italy. Wide halls, lined in mosaic, lay behind the gallery and opened on to the imperial apartments. Two dead straight roads cut across the palace and linked up the only four gates. For defence, 16 towers loomed above the palace. For religion, a temple to Jupiter in a central court or peristyle. And the entire palace was filled with the treasures the emperor had been collecting for some 20 years. But the glory soon vanished although the palace held out for some centuries against the hordes of Slavonic invaders. Then during the middle ages the population of the city increased and new buildings swamped the old palace. Shops and houses were built into the ruins and inside the former palace the modern city of Split was spawned.

Today Split extends a good way beyond this area. It is the main base for the Yugoslav navy and there is a new harbour for merchant shipping on the Kastlanski Zaljev. Railway links with the interior and Zagreb are improving and Split looks well set to become an important commercial and industrial centre. But the palace is still the heart of the city. In a tangle of dark alleyways most of the population of Split live in a sort of confused magnificent squalor. Today inside the walls most of the imperial buildings have gone. The peristyle is now a public square and the temple of Jupiter

is now the Roman Catholic cathedral of the city. Inside the niches of the gods are empty and above it a fourteenth century Venetian campanile dominates the city and the harbour. Tall renaissance buildings, cafes, barbers' shops are squashed together in medieval alleyways a few metres wide. Windows have been hacked through the stone and balconies fit into the round headed arches Diocletian used as decoration. Unpainted shutters swing back on the columns of the portico where Diocletian used to take his evening walks and torn washing hangs out to dry above the Porta Aurea. It is all rather fantastic, this great wreck of a palace riddled with the building of a thousand years and still the core of a partly thriving, partly decaying modern city.

In 1757 the two brothers Adam spent six weeks in Split and brought back the designs of pillars, doorways and colonnades which were to become the standard patterns in Bath and Cheltenham. But Split has some of the more conventional tourist attractions. There is pleasant swimming and sailing at the beach at Bacvice and it has a magnificent setting which one can best see from the hilltop Turkish fortress of Klis some six miles to the north. There are the ruins of Salona the old capital of Dalmatia, the unaltered renaissance town of Trogir. One can get out easily to the lovely and fascinating islands of Korcula or Hvar, or out to Vis which is just over the horizon. There is the best collection of the work of the sculptor Mestrovic in Yugoslavia. But Split has a musty fascination all of its own. Here history is something real and living, something you can feel and touch. Even the dust smells old in Split a Yugoslav friend said to me. It does—as old as defeat and poverty and decay.

Down on the sea front the sea has now gone back a few hundred yards from the western wall of the palace and one can walk along the Titova Oblava—Tito's sea drive—to the harbour. In the palm trees the loudspeakers blare out their propaganda and music. You can climb—if you can find the way—up to the top of one of Diocletian's square towers. There, in a small open air café, a charcoal fire grills the *raznici* and *cevapcici* of Serbia, alternate knobs of meat and onion stuck on skewers and rather soggy rissoles sitting on paprika or raw onions. Down on the sea front the peasants, the tourists (mainly Yugoslav as the régime encourages quite an extraordinary amount of internal travel as a means of breaking down regional particularism—every student and schoolchild in the country seems to live on an extended tour), the beggars, the ubiquitous blue-uniformed police, sailors from the fleet, mill about. The *Splitzani* are a café minded, speculative people and are only too happy to sit about in the Nadni Trog, a miniature Venetian piazza in the middle of the palace, and drink their *prosecco*, the heavy dark wine of the Dalmatian coast. And in the evening the square and the narrow dark streets fill with the citizens taking part in the evening *corso*. In a thoroughly Italianate manner they converge on the cathedral and filter out through the Porta Ferrea or the Porta Aurea under a towering Mestrovic statue of one of Croatia's many declamatory bishops. Suddenly the streets are empty and it is evening.

It is worthwhile early in the morning to go down to the open air market outside the East wall. Here until a few generations ago the Moslem caravans held one of the largest fairs in the Balkans and now every morning the peasants come riding in from the countryside on tiny donkeys to sell their cheese, paprika and grapes. Men who have slept the night on top of heaps of melons piled high like great cannon balls, wake up and begin to arrange

their stalls as the factory sirens down by the docks begin to hoot and the blinding sun of Dalmatia begins to stream across the dark valleys. Or at night in the cafes of the peristyle where the arches and columns are thrown into relief above the black sphinx Diocletian brought back from Egypt the *Splitzani* sit and discuss de-centralization and Workers' Councils.

The *Splitzani* take a medieval and fiercely local pride in their city. They are a gay unstable people who have the reputation of being the most proud and rebellious race in Yugoslavia. To have got this reputation from the Serbs, Montenegrins and the rest is something of an achievement. They sing sad and moving songs, invariably about Split, how good to be there and how miserable to be anywhere else. They tell with pride the story of St. Jerome who was born near Split and prayed for the removal of his pride and bad temper with "Pardon me, O Lord, for I am a Dalmatian." A proud city and people who fit, one feels, a little cynically and incongruously into the pattern of things in the Peoples Federal Republic of Yugoslavia. Having experienced and absorbed Rome, Byzantium, Croatia, Venice, the Turks, and now the uncorrupted doctrines of Marxism-Leninism the *Splitzani* view these matters with some detachment. Diocletian seems just about as near and as real as Belgrade or Moscow. And in any case there will always be the sun and *prosecco* to drink in the evening.

ROBERT BLACKBURN

CANADIAN SUMMER

*Sweet, summer sweet, the long grass sighs
Under the shining, singing blue.
Let the care linger where it lies.
The shimmering wings of dragonflies
Are lost in the air's translucent hue.
Sweet, summer sweet, the long grass sighs.
Young dreams are tender in young eyes
And far is near and old is new.
Let the care linger where it lies.
Blueberries gleam in paradise
And the meadowlark sings high and true.
Sweet, summer sweet, the long grass sighs.
Still, still as the heart's surmise
Earth is turning her long day through.
Let the care linger where it lies.
The freight of clouds in summer skies
Is light as the mist of faerie dew.
Sweet, summer sweet, the long grass sighs.
No chart can measure love's swift rise
Nor mark its turn in heaven's view.
Let the care linger where it lies.
Ah, noontide comes and noontide dies
And morning's dream is evening's rue.
Sweet, summer sweet, the long grass sighs.
Let the care linger where it lies.*

MARY BISHOP,

who died seven weeks ago, and whose penultimate poem this was. Another recollection of her girlhood on the prairie of her native land, it was meant as a companion piece to her "Canadian Sky Circus" which was published in the October, 1956, number of *The Contemporary*.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE HOLSTEIN DIARIES

The second instalment of the Holstein papers captured in the Second World War fully maintains the interest aroused by the first. Indeed it is of greater importance to the historian, for contemporary recordings and impressions naturally bring us closer to the heart of events than any narrative compiled from memory. The Diaries supplement the Memoirs, and the correspondence shortly to be published will supplement them both. We already know the closing years of the Iron Chancellor's dictatorship in considerable detail, but the new evidence, covering the years 1881-8, brings the drama and the actors to life with exceptional vividness. We hear the old misanthrope talking, witness his growing loneliness and fits of depression, listen to his complaints of his enemies and their complaints of him. In 1885 at the age of 70 the most celebrated and powerful man in the world was losing his grip as his health declined, and was conscious of it himself. It is the pettiness, not the greatness of the master-builder of the Empire which stares us in the face. Few if any actors in the drama emerge from this scrutiny with enhanced reputations. It is not a pretty picture and the Wilhelmstrasse was not a happy place. There is, however, no trace of the pathological side of Holstein's character which was to develop in his later years and which has led historians to regard him as a sinister influence. His power to ruin reputations and careers was always limited, and so long as the old Chancellor remained at the helm he played a minor part. His *bête noire* is Rantzau, Bismarck's son-in-law, who is rarely mentioned without disparagement and about whom we know too little to judge whether the portrait is too darkly coloured. In any case he was too strongly entrenched to be removed. The editors deserve congratulation on their brief but masterly Introduction and on the biographical and explanatory notes which adorn almost every page. The more one knows of Germany the more gratitude we shall feel for this precious aid to our understanding. The volume is sumptuously produced and fully indexed.

Holstein had worked with Bismarck since 1860 when as a young diplomat of 22 in his first post he served under the Prussian Minister at St. Petersburg. For the next 25 years he stood high in his favour, knew all his secrets, and was entrusted with important missions abroad. In 1876 he was recalled to the Wilhelmstrasse where he remained till his retirement 30 years later. The Iron Chancellor was a difficult chief, temperamentally more prone to blame than to praise. Except Johanna in the days of his courtship and the early years of marriage he never really loved anybody—neither his colourless father, nor his clever mother, nor his ill-mannered sons nor his daughter. The nearest approach to warmth of feeling—and it was more respect than affection—was inspired by King William, the first Emperor, "the old gentleman" as he was always called. The man who declared one morning "I have been hating all night" could not expect to make friends, and in these pages he has hardly a good word for anybody. Bleichröder, the Jewish banker who managed his private affairs and investments and occasionally supplied valuable information derived from the world of international finance, was a *persona grata*, but it would be an exaggeration to describe him as a friend. Schweninger, the only doctor who could put a partial brake on his gargantuan appetite, was regarded as a necessary evil, though the old gourmand recognised that he had prolonged his life. Holstein, who knew him as well as any of his subordinates, avoided quarrels, not from any sentiment of personal devotion, but from the profound conviction that the old magician was indispensable for the young Reich and its octogenarian ruler. Over and over again in these pages sharp criticism of the Chancellor—occasionally even of his foreign policy—is followed by the emphatic declaration that he could not be spared, that he was Germany's greatest asset, and that no man nor

many men could replace him. Holstein's closest friend Hatzfeldt alone possessed the ability, but he was too weak-willed to stand at the helm. As the old Emperor approached his ninetieth year Bismarck was obsessed by the nightmare that he might lose his job under a new master. To be fair to him it was not solely the instinctive clinging to power, for he was genuinely alarmed lest the towering fabric he had erected should be toppled over by an inexperienced ruler or incompetent councillors. That was precisely what happened, though he did not live to see it.

The picture of Herbert Bismarck is even less attractive. He had plenty of brains, industry and ambition, but his qualities were outweighed by incurable faults. That he drank too much to be always in control of his tongue was bad enough. What disqualified him for the succession to the Chancellorship was his abominable temper, his habitual rudeness, his genius for making enemies. "His defects," noted Holstein in 1885, "are violence, arrogance and vanity. The first two repel almost everybody except the few who are clever enough to flatter him in the right way. Towards these he behaves with unlimited credulity. Yet he always acts in the best of faith, striving to do what is right but always convinced he is doing so." Like his father he never flattered the ruler. Though the Chancellor was proud of his eldest son he gradually realised that he was not fit for any post higher than that of Foreign Secretary, a view which Holstein shared. Yet Herbert alone, according to Holstein, possessed some influence over his father in his declining years. The more Holstein saw of his work as Foreign Secretary the more worried he became at his Russophilism and his Austrophobia. His most engaging quality was his loyalty to his father to whom he sacrificed his official career when the old pilot was dropped by William II in 1890.

The vendetta between the Chancellor and the Crown Princess is a familiar story and there were faults on both sides. Vicky was amazingly tactless and Bismarck exceptionally rough. Holstein, although not actually a misanthropic recluse as he is often depicted, never appeared or aspired to appear at Court, and never mixed himself up in the family quarrels of the dynasty. But in this Homeric struggle his sympathies were definitely with his chief, whose fear of Liberalism in any form, English or German, he fully shared. "She can be very charming if she likes," he wrote in 1884, "and truth she does not pause to consider, whereas her husband never lies." She complained with truth that the Chancellor governed not only the Reich but also the old Emperor. "But how will it be when he is faced with a real Emperor?" These words seemed to Holstein almost a joke in view of the softer personality of the Crown Prince whom he regarded, like most Prussians, as clay in the hands of the potter. The Crown Prince, no less than his wife, fretted under the heavy hand of the dictator and exclaimed: "I count for nothing now and I shall count for nothing later on. That man holds all the power." Nobody, however, believed that he would dismiss the Chancellor on his accession though there was no saying what his passionate consort might achieve. Bismarck recognised in her a foe worthy of his steel. He could get on with the Crown Prince, he used to say, but not with his wife. They clashed over her proposal to marry her daughter to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a project peremptorily vetoed by the Chancellor on the ground that the Prince was *persona ingrata* with the Tsar Alexander III.

If Holstein had no liking for the Crown Prince, he was never tempted to climb on to the band wagon of Prince William, whose impulsiveness and habit of gossiping about everything he feared and whose flattery by Waldersee and other right-wing officers he scorned. He regarded him as self-willed, heartless, superficial and vain. "Between him and his mother there is fierce hatred," he notes in February, 1888. William also complained about his father. She was so unpopular that some people were prepared to believe scandal about her. "The

idea that Seckendorff (her Chamberlain) is her lover is gaining ground." Though he does not say he believed it he describes her as "sensual, false, cowardly and heartless." Did he ever meet her? There is no indication in these pages that he did. How little he understood her is revealed in a cruel jotting on September 28, 1887, by which time everyone was aware that the Crown Prince was a dying man. "She came here thirty years ago, her father's spoiled darling, convinced she was a political prodigy. Far from acquiring influence here, she saw herself obliged to renounce any kind of open political activity and conform to the restraint of the Prussian Court, which she hated. She has always despised her husband. She will greet his death as the moment of deliverance." The entries for 1888, covering the three months reign of the dying Emperor and the opening phase of the new era, breathe an atmosphere of almost unrelieved gloom, and the darkest part of the picture is the hatred between mother and son. "She tries to have influence," exclaimed the young Kaiser to King Humbert of Italy, "but I intend to be sole master in my family." "He is no longer my son," shrieked the stricken widow. "My curse upon him: may his children cause him untold sorrow." Though Holstein was no Republican, democrats could find plenty of ammunition in these journals for use against the institution of monarchy as practised in Germany under the last of the Hohenzollerns. G. P. GOOCH
The Holstein Papers, Edited by Norman Rich and M. H. Fisher, Vol. II: Diaries. Cambridge University Press. 45s.

KONRAD ADENAUER

To the present generation and indeed to most of the outside world, the 80-year-old Chancellor is something of a mystery. He appears on the post-war stage as a reserved and austere figure, with a high reputation as a skilful and adroit politician, who has somehow emerged from the welter of German politics to become one of the world's great statesmen. Whether this would have happened had he not been unceremoniously ejected in 1945 on the plea of incompetence by a British military official from his post of Oberbürgermeister of Cologne, to which he had been appointed by the Americans a few months earlier, is debatable. Herr Paul Weymar, with the assistance of Frau Theile-Schlüter, a friend and neighbour of the Adenauers, has produced a massive volume which tells the Chancellor's life story in an eminently readable way. The complete work has been revised with the utmost care by Dr. Adenauer himself and may therefore almost be regarded as an autobiography. The serious historian, however, may be disappointed, as the book is more of a "popular" serial, clearly designed to appeal to the widest circle of his own countrymen, and possibly compiled, as his critics assert, with the 1957 elections in mind. Be that as it may, the people of Western Germany now have a sympathetic portrait of their Chancellor—a father-figure, kindly, humane and of Olympian wisdom, around whom the history of post-war Germany has been built.

Born in 1876, Konrad Adenauer gave proof very early in life of unusual gifts—self-discipline, a tremendous capacity for work combined with a keen intelligence and facility of expression. The third child of a Cologne civic official, pious, strict and not too well off, he was brought up in a home where duty, discipline and thrift were the ruling virtues. He was highly successful at school and university. His first wife died in 1916 and in 1919 he married Gussi Zinsser, who was to prove herself the ideal mother and wife through the dark days ahead. Her death in 1947, after a long and painful illness, was a grievous loss and she was widely mourned. His rise at the Cologne Bar was swift, and at the age of thirty he was elected to the City Council; three years later he became Senior Councillor, his fanatical zest for work finding full scope. On the outbreak of the 1914 war he undertook the additional responsibility of the wartime feeding of the city's 600,000 inhabitants, and on Oberbürgermeister Wallraf's

transfer to a Government post in Berlin in 1917 he was unanimously elected in his place, where he was to remain for 16 eventful years. The period covered Germany's capitulation in 1918, the November Revolution of that year and the Allied occupation of the Rhineland, Poincaré's seizure of the Ruhr in 1923, passive resistance, the Separatist *putsch* and the collapse of the currency, the offer of the Chancellorship in 1926 which he refused, the death struggles of the Weimar Republic and the coming of Hitler. Herr Weymar brings out well his part throughout this period and shows how his aim was always to link Germany firmly with the West. Thus by his farsighted transformation of Cologne, an ancient fortress city, into the gracious Rhineland metropolis, with a green belt, a stadium, a permanent Exhibition and Fair, and an expanding inland port, he sought to make the city a bridge linking Germany with Western Europe, particularly with France for whom he has always had a soft spot. His detractors have never tired of taunting him with Separatist tendencies after the 1914-1918 war, recalling the famous Cologne meeting of Rhineland leaders of February 1, 1919, when he proposed the setting up of a Federal Rhineland State to offer France the security he felt she was entitled to, and by weakening Prussia to dispel much of the world's distrust of Germany. The full report is of great interest as showing clearly that he laid stress on the federal character of the scheme, with no thought of a breakaway from the Reich. But why does the story skip so lightly over the first British occupation of Cologne, the nerve centre in those days of the occupied territories, and the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr Valley, omitting all reference to the fact that Poincaré's policy of forcibly detaching the Rhineland was effectively halted by the British? The answer is that to rake up today the embers of that unhappy phase of Franco-German relations must in the Chancellor's opinion be sterile and harmful, particularly at a time when he is devoting so much of his energy to bringing about lasting friendship between the two countries as an essential preliminary to the creation of the United States of Europe in which he firmly believes.

The Third Reich effectively put an end to his plans. From the first he was implacably anti-Nazi, but the story has not hitherto been told of his shattering experiences during the 12 years of Nazi rule when he was virtually a man on the run, in hiding, under arrest or in a concentration camp, before his ultimate release and retirement to his beloved home under the shadow of the Drachenfels where throughout the closing months of the war he watched with patriarchal solicitude over his wife, his younger children and grandchildren. Herr Weymar has pieced the story together with sympathy and dramatic skill. The climax is reached when, about mid-March that fateful year of 1945, American forces crossed the Rhine by the Remagen bridge, a few miles up river from Rhöndorf, and after a week of shot and shell on the banks of the river, during which Dr. Adenauer's house received direct hits and the family sought refuge in their close-packed bunker in the garden, the battle front moved away to the East and two US officers appeared at the gate. "You are invited," they said, "to resume your duties of Oberbürgermeister of Cologne. At once, please. Our car awaits you."

Six months later he is dismissed. His political career dates from that moment, and the remaining two-thirds of the book are devoted to a history of the post-war years, related with zest and an understandable pride in the achievements of one of the twentieth century's truly great men.

JULIAN PIGGOTT

Konrad Adenauer, By Paul Weymar, André Deutsch, 30s.

THE POET AND HIS GOD

Canon Martin's concern is with two of the finest poems of our time. *The Wreck of the Deutschland* by Gerard Manley Hopkins and *Ash Wednesday* by

T. S. Eliot. His interpretation is a dedicated and affectionate work of appraisal; the very diffidence of his approach adds something to the revealed beauty of the two poems. He feels it necessary to explain in detail his object in adding to the considerable body of commentary that has accumulated over the past 20 years, particularly in relation to the Hopkins poem. W. H. Gardner's brilliant work of analysis in his two Centenary Commemoration volumes and the close religious examination of Father W. A. M. Peters and others may appear to have extracted every ounce of meaning and every sparkle of beauty from *The Deutschland*, but a capacity for absorbing continuous evaluation is one of the distinguishing features of truly great poetry. Canon Martin details the purpose of his study under three headings: the poems' comparative and continuing difficulties for the lay reader; the danger of over-emphasis on their literary value rather than on their religious significance; the supreme power of poetry to move us, in a religious context, and the contemporary need for an apprehension of the truths expressed through "the imagination and affections as well as by the mind."

Writing as one who has loved and lived with Hopkins' poetry for two decades I find it difficult to appreciate Canon Martin's first point. "It would be a grievous thing," he writes, "if this wealth of truth and beauty, of such rich material for Christian meditation, were for ever hedged about by prejudice, or if these poems were looked upon any longer as the almost exclusive preserve of one particular type of reader." Is there still prejudice against the poetry of Hopkins, or of T. S. Eliot? One doubts whether these two poems will ever mean anything, despite the Canon's efforts, except to "the particular type of reader" who loves poetry and who, by reason of his love, delves into their complexities to find for himself some of the treasures hidden beneath the surface.

Hopkins in his poem is concerned with the triumph of God over the violence of sudden death, and with "the mystery of the incarnation of God, the redemptive action and the active love of God." His poem is a reflection, in more general terms, on the Passion and Resurrection of Christ. Mr. Eliot's poem explains the Christian discipline without becoming a sermon and his exegetical method is nearer to Bunyan than to Dante. It is in his comments on *Ash Wednesday* that Canon Martin is most rewarding, but his interpretation of both poems adds considerably to one's understanding of their significance and appreciation of their beauty.

In Mr. Holroyd's premature venture into religion and philosophy there is no mastery except of the verbally inconsequential and the dangerous generalization, and little mercy for his readers. Starting from the typically questionable assumption that "the poet is always the most sensitive register of contemporary sensibility," the author regales us with his own interpretation of the modern predicament before considering the comparative reactions of Dylan Thomas, Whitman, Yeats, Rimbaud, Rilke and T. S. Eliot as revealed through their poetry. In his own words his book is "an attack on humanism, and a plea for the rediscovery of a religious standard of values." His own standpoint appears to be on the side of the Christian existentialists, though he maintains that all existentialist thought is religious and "represents a heroic effort of the human mind, in the full possession of its highest faculties, to confront the problems of existence in the modern world."

All of which has, of course, been said before and has a certain validity if it is assumed that when Mr. Holroyd talks of religion his own definition is similar to that of the thinkers he discusses so glibly with all the wisdom of his 23 years. It is doubtful, however, if Gabriel Marcel, for instance, or Berdyaev, would accept the following in all its dangerous implications: "The question of a truth of a religion or of its dogmas does not arise, for religion is not justified by its truth but by its efficacy. A religion is anything that a man

can live by, and in being lived it finds its truth, which, because it is existential, is irrefutable." This essay in undergraduate eclecticism is written with a sublimely unconscious arrogance, allied to a capacity for inflating the self-evident with puffs of stilted verbiage. Yet the author reveals an intelligence acute enough to ensure that in ten years' time he will curse his publisher for allowing him to burst so prematurely into print.

B. EVAN OWEN

Mastery and Mercy. By Philip M. Martin. Oxford University Press. 15s.

Emergence From Chaos. By Stuart Holroyd. Gollancz. 18s.

VERHAEREN AND FLAUBERT

Two recent additions to the by now familiar series of Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought have each a particular importance at this time.

It is one of the joys of reading French poetry of the last hundred years to come across the exultant fervour of Verhaeren's mature verse after the soul-torture of a Baudelaire, the controlled hermeticism of a Mallarmé and indeed after the dark torment of some of Verhaeren's own early verse. In his lifetime he enjoyed great popularity, he was acclaimed as a world poet and three of his books especially were considered among the highest achievements of modern poetry. His reputation has since declined, but the time now seems ripe for an assessment of the lasting vitality of his writing. This is the service performed by Professor Mansell Jones' discriminating study, delightfully written from a contemporary stand-point (though one recoils from the suggestion of *Les Villes Tentaculaires* and *Les campagnes hallucinées* being filmed) and, significantly, adapted in parts from his work on Verhaeren published in 1926.

Professor Mansell Jones with sure and excellent choice of quotations, traces the evolution of the Belgian poet's art to the humanitarian interests of his finest verse, referring as guide marks to the work of other poets such as Laforgue, Crabbe, Wordsworth, T. S. Eliot and inevitably Baudelaire, Whitman and Hugo. Tribute is deservedly paid to *Les Heures*, those poems of happy married love whose place is unique in French literature. Finally Verhaeren is considered in relation to subsequent literary developments, to surrealism and to the philosophic mood of today. Professor Mansell Jones emphasizes that selection from Verhaeren's copious output is essential for true appreciation of his achievement; we may hope that he will one day make this selection for us.

Mr. Thorlby's study of Flaubert is significant as appearing in the centenary year of *Madame Bovary's* publication. There is in Flaubert an inherent contradiction between romanticism and realism; this underlying problem Mr. Thorlby follows through the individual works. We see Flaubert caught in the dilemma of reconciling perfection of style with realism of subject-matter and pursued by an irony which constantly queries the point of it all. The particular brand of Flaubertian realism is best seen in the satirical note of *Bouvard et Pécuchet* which is contrasted with Voltaire's *Candide*. In a somewhat difficult style we are shown Flaubert exploring subtleties of expression but conveying an idea of wasted effort. Mr. Thorlby ends with a study of *Un Coeur Simple* as Flaubert's masterpiece: his concluding sentence captures the ironic ambiguity of Flaubert's realism and leaves the reader with a sense of crumbling futility:

As *Félicité* concentrated all her affections within this decrepit stuffed bird, so Flaubert had sacrificed all his romantic inspiration, his intuition of resplendent beauty, his life-long yearning for real poetry, to an impersonal reality—with one wing broken and the stuffing coming out.

But it also leaves one with the question: if Flaubert is so great a novelist there must surely be more to it than this?

VERA J. DANIEL

Verhaeren. By Professor Mansell Jones, Bowes and Bowes. 7s. 6d.

Flaubert. By Anthony Thorlby. Bowes and Bowes. 7s. 6d.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

While hotels from Bloomsbury to the Strand are still decanting "vacationists" into London's morning streets and the strangled consonants and tortured vowels of cockney and Kensington, Boston and Brooklyn, Beverley Hills and Baltimore go mingling on the air, it would be ungracious not to give precedence here to the visitors on the table. The first three are *Scientific American* books based on contemporary articles from that magazine, "to give the reader an understanding of what is exciting and important in modern research." *THE PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY OF LIFE* (G. Bell & Sons, 13s. 6d.) has eighteen essays, on the origins in spontaneous generation under the action of sunlight, the molecules that govern structure, function and heredity, enzymes and energy, cell and organism, muscle, nerve and brain. Much more intimidating is *AUTOMATIC CONTROL* (10s. 6d.), the consideration in twelve chapters of the mechanization of brain as distinct from the machines that took over the work of muscles. "Everything man has to say can be reduced to numbers" and processed quickly and accurately by computers. If the new giants are to be an imitation of life, behaving with a will of their own, able to learn and improve on past performance with the aid of the memory and thought that has been part of man's superiority, he in turn must be viewed henceforth as a machine. The question whether he is more than this is left unanswered for the reader, lonely and chilled, to consider.

Responsible for the contents of the series are leading scientists from all over the world, C. H. Waddington and W. Grey Walter among them. The author of "Curiosity in Monkeys" is shown on the jacket of the third book to be an R. A. Butler. Worthy subject as it is for a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, delighted doubt is dispelled in the reading, for the scene of the experiments is a Wisconsin laboratory, where the monkey dropped its work

to spy through the peephole on the human who was spying on it. *TWENTIETH CENTURY BESTIARY* (13s. 6d.) gives unqualified interest and stimulus; the horrible behaviour of "The Spider and the Wasp" (so closely resembling that of mankind) is scarcely more distressing to contemplate than are the icy, inexorable antics of the computing machine, and actually preferred is "The Metabolism of Humming Birds" to "a noiseless channel transmitting discrete symbols." Other titles in these twenty-four articles are "The Home Life of the Swift," "Language of the Bees" and "Courtship of Animals" and all demonstrate efficiently that beast is not inferior to man.

The playhouse

The juxtaposition of *TEN TALENTS IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE* (University of Oklahoma Press, \$4.00) has no significance, nor is the book devoted to that jungle which is Broadway. A group of hardworking modest people here expound and communicate the "American spirit" through the exactions of their chosen craft, whether it is direction, production, design, acting, or writing, and all have found success "in presenting the community with recognizable human situations." Not without gropings, setbacks and critical animosity (there is a glimpse of Robert Benchley more than ordinarily bewildered and explosive at Paul Green's symphonic drama presentation) did they reach the goal: a Theatre '50 for Margo Jones who died but two years ago, or the Cleveland Play House for Frederic McConnell, or directorships for Gilmor Brown and Leslie Cheek, of the Pasadena Playhouse and the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts respectively, or professorships of drama at Baylor and Yale. Some chapter headings will indicate the level at which the volume aims: "A Soil for the Theatre," "From Stock to Television," "Science and the Contemporary Theatre" and "Theatre for Art's Sake." And Britons

who are hazy about "the Method," not being sure if it is a joke, a mystique, or a publicity stunt, should be grateful for exact information on the Actors' Studio—"a theatre place for professionals to work together and continue their development between jobs and during long runs"—where it is taught.

Real people

Another significant influence in the new national feeling for the stage was 47 Workshop, whence Professor Frederick Koch on returning to North Carolina University imbued the most famous member of the Playmakers with the "primary assumption that a young playwright must write about what he knows and that if he is to succeed artistically he must be concerned with the culture and tradition in which he was bred" so successfully that the results became the scandal of that particular young playwright's home town and—since his death—its pride and joy. This transition from pillory to shrine is to be observed in THOMAS WOLFE'S *CHARACTERS* (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.75) by Floyd C. Watkins, himself professing English in Georgia. The exact use of memory continued after Wolfe forsook the drama for the novel, and the Ashevilleian who saw a production at Harvard of his *Welcome to our City* and was horrified to be able "to identify precisely every character in the play" would not be surprised to learn later that the people of Asheville saw themselves plainly enough in *Look Homeward, Angel* to revile, curse and threaten him. Some of them prudently or spitefully took refuge in the belief that in describing the town he had also described himself. Autobiographical as his works are, "they are not only artistic writings about Southern life but also the very source of Southern social history," Professor Watkins contends. In trying to distinguish between facts, Wolfe's imagination, and that of the modern Ashevilleian, this patient researcher has relied on newspapers, city directories (even real names were used by the novelist), and the like.

Fact is related to the fiction, prototypes to the Southerners who crowd the novels and short stories, and the technical equipment and achievement of the writer who went home to his funeral in 1938 is disentangled from his ever-growing legend.

Father in son

The American novelist who became a British citizen a year before he died in 1916 was never an expatriate, claims Quentin Anderson, Professor of Literature at Columbia, in *THE AMERICAN HENRY JAMES* (Rutgers University Press, \$6.50). "He was, after all, a thinker, and he had a secret relation to a body of thought: his father's combination of philosophy and psychology." To the older James "historical Christianity, nature, God himself are all swallowed up in human consciousness . . . the result . . . at once inclusive and parochial, quirky and cosmic." The son did not borrow but continued to use a mode of vision that had coloured his childhood, and this book therefore is not directly concerned with the novelist as artist. His convictions about human beings and the universe they inhabit is "a peculiar and characteristically American blend of morals and metaphysics," further claims the Professor. The publishers quote Lionel Trilling: "Mr. Anderson's book . . . is jammed full of insight," an ambiguous saying for English ears to pounce upon: filled full, or blocking, wedging and stopping? But as critical writing on Henry James the moralist is as dismaying for this reader as are the novels of Henry James the moralist, by the same token the scope of "the devoted and intelligent," "the scholar" and the student can but be enlarged by this addition of "another dimension to the world of James criticism."

Rueful sigh

As the Contemporary Review's literary supplement is of necessity to be permanently halved the quality of what is left must be doubled.

GRACE BANYARD

ENGLAND'S TROUBLES AND PERPLEXITIES

will increase
UNTIL THE BISHOPS OPEN

**JOANNA
SOUTHCOTT'S
BOX**

OF SEALED WRITINGS

What the Bible says about the Box
and the Bishops:

"And the temple of God was opened . . . and there was seen . . . the Ark (Chest or Box) of his Testament (or Will)." "And round about the Throne were four-and-twenty . . . Elders (Bishops) sitting . . . (and they) fall down . . . and cast their crowns (their wisdom) before the Throne." Rev. xi. 19; iv. 4, 10.

Write for free leaflets to

**THE PANACEA SOCIETY
BEDFORD, ENGLAND**

STUDIES

IN ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY

Volume I

Demy 8vo.

Fully illustrated.

Price 15s. (post 1s.)

St. Anthony's Press

46/47 Chancery Lane,
London, W.C.2

ITTERINGHAM MILL Vegetarian Guest House offers you the perfect holiday. Safe river bathing. Dinghies for grown-ups and children. Easy reach Cromer, Sheringham and the Broads. Garages, Kennels. Eighteen acres. Friendship, fellowship and spiritual discovery.—**MARY AND DEREK NEVILLE**, Iteringham Mill, near Aylsham, Norwich, Norfolk. Telephone Saxthorpe 206.

THE CARAVAN OF EAST AND WEST is an international friendship movement with a spiritual background, with groups in London and elsewhere, also first Fridays, Kingsley Hotel, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1 at 8.15 p.m. S.A.E. details—84 St. Thomas's Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.4.

THE MOST IMPORTANT
BOOK IN THE WORLD

THE SECRET DOCTRINE

By H. P. BLAVATSKY

FOURTH EDITION

A Synthesis of SCIENCE, RELIGION and PHILOSOPHY from the occult point of view. Explains the occult source of the elements and their relation to Man. Includes details of the four prehistoric Continents, and the evolution of Man, prehistoric and historic.
In six handsome volumes. 9½" x 6½". Price £4 14s. 6d. Postage inland 3s. Abroad 4s. 6d. *Theosophical Catalogue Free*

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE LTD
68 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1

TYPEWRITERS!

**ADDING, BOOK-KEEPING
AND CALCULATING MACHINES**

New and Rebuilt

HIRE AND REPAIRS

74 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

TAYLORS HOLBORN
3793

*For informed, authoritative comment on
International Affairs read*

THE BRITISH SURVEY

published monthly for over 18 years

RECENT ISSUES—

- ‘Russia and the Atom’
- ‘Arab Nationalism’
- ‘Tibet; India’s Economic Problems’
- ‘Rumania’

Price 1s. 6d. (Main Series), 8d. (Popular Series) from
**BRITISH SURVEY, Benjamin Franklin House, 36 Craven Street,
London, W.C.2**

POLITICAL SCIENCE

Vol. 9, No. 2

September, 1957

CONTENTS

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| On Tocqueville and the ‘Tyranny’ of Public Sentiment. | DAVID SPITZ |
| The British and New Zealand Labour Parties—A comparison. Part 2. | LOUISE OVERACKER |
| New Zealand as a Small Power in the United Nations. | J. K. CUNNINGHAM |
| The Relation of Votes to Seats for the Australian House of Representatives, 1949-1954. | JOAN RYDON |
| Labour Candidates for the N.Z. House of Representatives, 1890-1916, Part 5. | NORMAN D. STEVENS |

**Subscription, 10s. (post free) for two years (4 issues),
to: The Business Manager, POLITICAL SCIENCE,
P.O. Box 196, Wellington, New Zealand**

A specimen copy will be supplied on request